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CURRENT COMMENT.

WHEN the American Expeditionary Forces sang their spirited chorus—

O Lafayette, we've paid our debt,
Now, where do we go from here?

—they reckoned without M. Jean Bernard and the French Senator Gaudin de Villaine, who have delved into our Revolutionary history and discovered that our government has from time immemorial owed France quite a little jag of money. This grey and hoary indebtedness represents a loan of 800 million francs loaned us by King Louis XVI, in 1778, "in the name of the French nation and to save the young American republic," as the Senator puts it. At compound interest, this sum would now pay out what France owes us on more recent accounts, and what she owes Great Britain besides. The Senator brought this little matter up in the Senate, suggesting rather pointedly that the United States be invited to pay up, and remarking that our so doing "would honour America infinitely and would be more interesting for us than seeing from time to time pilgrimages come to place flowers on the tomb of the Marquis de Lafayette." As to the first statement, we are not sure; as to the second, there probably is little doubt that the Senator is right. We ought to pay our debts, of course, but there is no great honour in paying them more than once, and Washington declares they are all paid, and that the Senator's reckoning is devoid of foundation. If France insists on collecting, and particularly if M. Viviani takes the matter up while here, it will be great fun to watch the raking up of ancient history. England ought at the same time to dig out her holdings of Confederate bonds and present them for redemption with interest. Would it not be jolly if England and France not only got our help in the war gratis, but even contrived to make us pay for the privilege of furnishing it?

SOME time ago we commented on President Eliot's remarks about the need of good teachers. We said then that certain conditions under which the profession of teaching is now exercised in this country seemed unfavourable to the production of good teachers. Since then we have observed a report from Morgantown, West Virginia, that teachers who attend dances during the school year will lose their positions. Also we see that Miss Sarah Hyams, a teacher of cooking in the New York

public schools, was presented to the Board of Education by Dr. Ettinger, superintendent of schools, on charges of holding political opinions which render her "totally unfit to remain in the service of the Board of Education"; such opinions, apparently, being those of the left-wing Socialists. Then further, we notice that a superintendent of schools somewhere out West, we think in Illinois, has ruled that the constructions "he don't" and "it's me" are good English and may be taught as such. Again, bills are before the New York State Legislature requiring teachers to make an oath of allegiance to the Government before being permitted to hold a place in the State schools. Another bill provides that "on satisfactory evidence" that any teacher has taught un-American principles, the Commissioner of Education shall revoke the teacher's licence. These latter requirements seem to us much more likely to offend loyal than disloyal persons. In general, we still think that the teaching profession will remain at a low level of desirability as long as this sort of stuff is imposed upon it.

THE point to be remembered is that our public-school system is not primarily an educational system. It is a system of propaganda. The schools are controlled by the Government which is the agent of privilege. Naturally, then, their pupils are given such education, and only such, as will prepare them to countenance and support privilege. Privilege is not interested in teaching people to think; it is interested in implanting in their mind such stock notions, prejudices and formulæ as it can profitably use. For example, the teaching of history in our schools shows little concern with truth and fact; its object is to develop an exaggerated chauvinism, to impress our youth with the greatness and unfailing rightness of "their country," which means their Government. Thus is prepared the way for such extravagance as Mr. Harding's bathos about "the divine inspiration of the founding fathers," and such gross and incredible absurdities as are from time to time perpetrated, in the much abused name of patriotism, by exuberant members of the American Legion.

OUR army and navy estimates for next year amount to almost \$500 million more than the country's total yearly expenditure for education. To many, this seems a great scandal, but we are not in the least anxious about it, for education in this country is not in our judgment worth, as real education, even the \$900 million now annually expended on it. Facts like those set forth in the foregoing paragraph amply account for its failure. When a woman has to pass an arbitrary test of political orthodoxy before she can teach schoolgirls how to cook, the school-system which imposes such a test may be expected to do for education precisely as much and as little as it does. One remembers with ironic satisfaction how much more intelligently such things were managed under the "autocracy" of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs. Ludwig Gumplowicz, whose historical researches were wholly subversive of the doctrine of the State, held his position as professor in the University of Graz, and held it with honour. Franz Oppenheimer, whose work this paper has often quoted, remained undisturbed in his chair at the University of Berlin. But because of their opinions neither of these men could hold a chair in one of the large colleges or universities or teach in the secondary public schools of this country.

GENERAL WOOD is to retire from the army presently, it appears, and become a sort of titular head of the University of Pennsylvania, with the present acting provost attending to most of the actual business of the institution. There is some kind of precedent for this. General Lee retired from the profession of arms to become head of Washington Academy at Lexington, Virginia, now called Washington and Lee University. If General Wood were like General Lee, we should congratulate the University of Pennsylvania with all our heart and say that it had made an incomparable choice. General Wood, however, reminds one of General Lee only by an almost inconceivably complete failure to resemble him in any particular, even as a soldier; hence while we should like to do the polite and handsome thing, we are at a loss for any ground upon which to base our felicitations. As for Mr. Angell, who has just succeeded Mr. Hadley as president of Yale, we observed from the press-reports of his first address to students of that institution, that he proposes to improve sports and is for clean athletics. Indeed, he is quoted as saying that he would rather have a man of questionable character in any other position than that of university athletic coach! These two appointments to rather responsible and important posts may in time justify themselves and do good in various unforeseen ways; but they are not likely to disturb the culture of the country in urging it upward from its present easy and comfortable level.

WE read that it took ten million dollars to make our "fondest dreams come true last November, but the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, for one, is not worried. "No American believes that the Presidency can be bought and certainly not for any such insignificant expenditure as, say, a dime *per capita*." Whether our *per capita* virtue could resist a quarter, the Pittsburger does not venture a guess. About this over-grown campaign fund the papers pro or con according to the political faith that is in them, but all are pretty much agreed about one thing—it is legitimate for a candidate to spend a lot of money provided it is spent for advertising. Every now and then there bobs up the memory of that ancient shoemaker who was asked for advice about the best material for constructing fortifications and who so shoppily replied: "There is nothing like leather."

THE new Comptroller of the Currency, Mr. D. R. Crissinger, is a reformed Democrat and the greatest steam-shovel manufacturer Marion, Ohio, ever produced. When not comptrolling he can drop in often and see old Doc Sawyer, Brigadier General of the Presidential health. In Mr. Harding's quieter hours the three of them will no doubt have many a hearty laugh over old times in Marion. All this comes under the head of government—and anyone who feels an attack of cheerfulness stealing over him can get ready relief from the statement by Secretary Weeks that we must raise seventeen billion dollars in the next thirty months.

COLGATE AND Co., one of the oldest and most estimable concerns in the country, has taken a full page of advertising-space in the New York *Globe* and perhaps in other papers as well, to offer a reward of one million dollars to anyone who can prove that there is a single dollar of foreign capital invested in the capital stock of the business, or that there is a single officer or shareholder who is not American. We hear that this is due to the concern having through some error or inadvertence gotten on the Irish boycott-list; and it interests us deeply. Some day the weak-willed and easily-discouraged people of the world will learn (perhaps directly from the Indians and the Chinese) what an invincible and far-reaching weapon the boycott is. Our excellent contemporary the *Literary Digest*, also, in its issue of 29 March, devoted three pages to extracts from trade-journals, dealing with the great unorganized boycott called the "buyer's strike" which has spread over the country recently and raised Cain with business. We wish that some good

economist would make a thorough and competent study of the boycott and then write a monograph on it. Perhaps such a thing has been done, but if so we have missed it.

NOR since buccaneering days on the Spanish Main has there been such talk of gold as now runs perpetually through the press. Gold in coins and bars and ingots, rich, red, ponderous blocks of metal, travelling about in shiploads; and our Government says we can not touch it unless it bears the stamp of some friendly nation. Gold outward bound from Russia to America must be pasteurized in Stockholm; a little of it will stick to the kettle, but the Administration at Washington will not mind that if the new bricks bear the royal arms of Sweden. Indeed the only kind of trading that our Government can really prevent is the most direct and profitable kind. In boom-days to come, British merchants will have no difficulty in obtaining American goods for trans-shipment to Russia; nor is it likely that the Soviet Government will follow the American plan, and demand that the impress of King George's countenance shall appear upon all the American threshing-machines that are rehandled on British docks.

WHEN M. Krassin allowed himself to be interviewed the other day, upon the subject of the Anglo-Russian trade-agreement, he let slip the hint that the British Executive might eventually be obliged to bring some sort of pressure to bear upon the Judiciary, in order to clear a path through the courts for the new trade. A later dispatch from London gives a hint concerning the means that may be employed to this end. On the authority of the officials who conducted the six-months negotiations with Leonid Krassin, the correspondent says that the Government is by far the largest British creditor of Russia. If the courts uphold the claims of private creditors to the Russian gold shipped into England, the Government may then insist upon such a division of the spoils as will draw off most of them into the national exchequer, and leave the litigious citizens only a shade better off than they were to start with. This gentle hint is all very well, since it will perhaps give the courts a little push towards the interpretation of the trade-agreement as an act of recognition. However, the news of the actual transference of any large amount of Soviet gold to the British Government, in the event of unfavourable decision by the courts, would certainly give us no great pleasure. The Government wants trade; if the Ministers have to take over the gold, buy goods with it, and ship the goods to Russia, they will probably do so; but the prospect of the nationalization of foreign commerce in England as well as in Russia is not a lovely one, for no court could limit the diplomatic complications it might lead to.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE suddenly fired up under all twelve boilers the other day and turned on full steam against the Labour party, calling it bad names and saying that its purposes were of a most subversive character. He appeared to think that it is slated for a "robustious and rough coming-on" at the next election unless all hands close the ranks against it, and that if it were turned loose upon the country, it would carry all before it into general desolation, like a bear in a hog-pen. We can not get top or tail of this; for unless Mr. Thomas, Mr. Clynes and Mr. Arthur Henderson have mightily changed character since we had the pleasure of looking on them last, they are about as dangerous to the parliamentary institutions and private interests of England as a flock of tame magpies. In fact, the great reason why we keep on so desperately hoping that Mr. Lloyd George's Government will yet weather out is that we do not want to see England lose time over the anodyne of a Labour Government. At this stage of the world's education, the worst and most vicious Government is the best; and if England is ever to have a revolution, whether by due process of law or otherwise, Mr. George's Government is the thing to produce it.

OUR newspapers are strangely quiet about the darkening industrial situation in England; not so are the English papers that have come over by the last mail. Says one: "The number of unemployed in this country has now reached a total of 1,750,000 persons, representing a population of seven million people, the greater proportion of whom are in a state of great destitution." In London and in the industrial cities of the North and the Midlands the stories of unemployment, poverty and hunger carry one back to the tales of the Hungry 'Forties. Government relief is an admitted failure—a mere drop in the bucket. The Board of Trade returns for February show a fall of £73,460,815 in imports and of £32,341,885 in exports. On top of all this, three industrial crises loom near: the miners, railwaymen and builders are each and all at odds with the Government, and that unpleasant term "direct action" is again coming into popular use. No wonder Mr. Lloyd George finds it necessary to turn aside from his romantic adventures with M. Briand to fulminate against the British workman as the enemy of civilization, just as he was wont to do against the Germans during the war, and against the House of Lords in his Limehouse days.

SPRING comes early in Asia Minor, and in these times no spring is complete without its drive. At Easter, the Greeks were already busy with their task of chasing the Turks out of Asia. As far as we can make out, this new offensive is an official effort to make all the evil that Venizelos did live after him. When the ex-Premier was let out by the recent elections, it was generally supposed that the Greeks had voted emphatically against his policy of imperialist expansion and his lingering Turkish war. From the first, King Constantine has refused to admit this interpretation of the plebiscite, and now, once more upon the throne, he is giving Greece some of the medicine with which Mr. Wilson once made America so familiar.

KING CONSTANTINE's mandate for the launching of the new offensive rates about as low as Mr. Harding's mandate for a flirtation with the League of Nations. To make matters worse, the Greek King has been denied the Allied support which adheres so closely to our President. At the Near East Conference at London, it was agreed by everybody except the Greeks that Smyrna and Eastern Thrace ought to be returned to Turkey. In the face of this pronouncement, Constantine has stated that one of his objects in launching the new attack is to assist the Allies in the enforcement of the Treaty of Sèvres. He knows well enough that the Allies are not keen to have him keep all that was given to Venizelos; but he knows, too, that the very conditions which would prevent France and England from enforcing the Turkish treaty if they wanted to, will also keep these countries from interfering greatly with his own efforts at enforcement. The Turkish Nationalists are already at peace with Soviet Russia, and report has it that they are about to come to some sort of an understanding with France, and have even received munitions from French sources; but even this does not discourage the new Alexander. Against the advice of the Greek voters, who have had enough of fighting, and the Allied diplomats, who have another unenforceable treaty on their hands, he is going out by himself to hang the Sultan and make Turkey pay.

It is reported that Nicaragua is now trying to find its way out of the League of Nations. The doubtful privilege of membership, it seems, is costing that small country four thousand dollars a month; and apparently the Nicaraguan Government has decided that so far its investment in the League has cost a good deal more than the results, actual and prospective, would seem to warrant, and has resolved not to throw good money after bad. This would appear to be a sound conclusion. Forty-eight thousand dollars per annum is a goodly sum to pay for the right to sit now and then in a League Assembly which has no power worth mentioning, save that of conversation. No doubt Nicaragua and the other small nations might

more profitably keep their money and their delegates at home, and rest comfortably in the assurance that any question in which they are vitally concerned will be settled as the interests of the chief Powers on the League Council may dictate, exactly as it would be if they remained members of the League.

IN view of M. Viviani's missionary visit to these shores, we respectfully recommend the above item of news to the attention of President Harding. If a negligible country like Nicaragua has to pay forty-eight thousand dollars per annum for membership in this highly superfluous body, the cost of membership to a country the size of the United States would be an item worth considering, especially in these days when legislators are supposed to be sitting up nights trying to devise means to get out of the American taxpayers enough money to pay current expenses and interest on our war-debts. Considering the present attenuated state of the nation's finances, it would be a practical move on Mr. Harding's part if he were to suggest to M. Viviani that France resign her League-membership and apply the money saved thereby to the interest long overdue on her indebtedness to this country; interest which, M. Viviani will be distressed to learn, must be painfully extracted from the pockets of the American people, if his Government does not pay up.

THE American Legion, officially at least, seems to have decided that none of its members may consider on its merits any issue affecting the German people. It might reasonably have been expected that a committee of Legion-members undertaking to investigate the recent speech of Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Anderson in protest against the French Government's use of Negro troops in the Rhineland, would have inquired, first, whether the charge against the French Government were true, and second, whether Colonel Anderson were within his Constitutional rights in speaking as he did. There is creditable evidence that the "horror on the Rhine" was all too real; in which case it is hard to see where Colonel Anderson was either legally or morally wrong in condemning it. Yet the committee which expelled him apparently takes the view that to protest against any atrocity committed by the French Government, is disloyal and unbecoming a member of the Legion. If this be the Legion's official attitude Colonel Anderson is to be congratulated upon his expulsion.

GREAT as a teacher, great as a citizen, great as a friend, great as a Christian, above all, great as a man; such was James, Cardinal Gibbons. He had in his person the talent that Joubert acutely pointed out as inhering in the Church he served, the talent for making himself loved. He recommended the religion of Jesus Christ to men in the only way it can be effectively recommended to them, by treating them as Jesus would have treated them if He had been in his place; by pureness, by kindness, by love unfeigned. He was one of the most simple-hearted, pious and Christian men that ever filled an episcopal chair. In the midst of a careless and perverse generation, he walked worthily; when all about him was at the utmost variance with the principles of true religion, he remained sincere and humble and patient. By living the life of the righteous, he earned the death of the righteous; his life manifested the beauty of holiness and his death the peace of perfect assurance. *Expectat resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi sæculi.*

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It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

CEREBRO-LENINITIS.

RUSSIA is said to be hard up for food; but out of her penury she has somehow managed to dish up for Allied politicians a fat and liberal diet of crow, which they are now eating with assiduity and managing to keep down with a minimum of gagging. Their admiring friends the journalists are supplying the sauce, in the shape of news now spread with dramatic suddenness far and wide that the Soviet Government has "given up bolshevism and communism" and is therefore presumably prepared to listen to reason and to be good. The Soviet Government, having come to the end of a mad course of experimentation and now realizing its failure, has approached the other Governments as a suppliant, offering to throw overboard its cargo of principles in exchange for recognition, good will and a measure of foreign trade—upon terms to be fixed by the Allied Powers, naturally. Such is the shape in which the news has been presented; or, to use the technical term, such is the "slant" that the journalists and politicians have put upon it.

Well, possibly. How much this renunciation will finally amount to, remains to be seen. Incurably sceptical as we are, it looks almost too good to be true, and we wish the evidence for it were far better than it is. For our part, unable to see anything but the most fantastic impracticability in the tenets of socialism and communism, we think that Lenin has not only given them up but that he gave them up a great while ago, long before the great news of it broke last week. We may be wrong in this belief, especially since the wish is so distinctly the father to it. We base it, however, upon two things: first, upon the fact that Lenin and his principal associates, Lunacharsky, Chicherin, Zinoviev, Krassin, Bukharin and Trotzky, are to all appearances the ablest men at present in public life—the ablest men, we should say, taken as a body, that have ever appeared in public life. Second, we base our belief upon reports which observers have brought us concerning Russian experiments with the practice of communism, and what came of them. We incline to think that the "surrender to capitalism" was made long enough before it was taken over by the politicians and journalists to flavour their unappetizing little mess of crow. Mr. Lloyd George, we own, rather impairs our confidence. We want to believe that Lenin has made this surrender, and we are willing to take even Mr. Lloyd George's word for anything in reason that would support this belief; but when he says that some of Lenin's recent speeches might have been made by Mr. Winston Churchill, we really must draw the line. Lenin could no more make speeches like Mr. Winston Churchill's than he could make them like Mr. Harding's.

Perhaps we credit Lenin with more common sense than he has; but we have never been able to believe that he could seriously contemplate the abolition of capitalism in Russia, or offer any justification in reason or justice for trying to abolish it from any society of human beings. Wherever wealth is used to facilitate the production of more wealth, there is capital and capitalism; and why any society should try to get on without that particular exercise of wealth, or what wrong or injustice there is in that exercise, is beyond our understanding.

When a primitive peasant who has fashioned crooked sticks into a sort of plough, lends out the contrivance to another peasant for a day's work, taking a squirrel-skin or an armful of corn in payment, there is capitalism in full blast; and his acceptance of the skin or the corn does not in our view, show him as at all a creature of anti-social instincts. The justification of interest is that it pays, first, for the depreciation of capital—the normal wear and tear, say, on the peasant's borrowed plough—and second, for the saving of time made possible by the employment of capital. If the peasant borrows the plough, he saves time on the work of scratching up his field. If a man borrows money to build a house, he saves time; the house is finished and he can move in and settle his family much sooner than if he let it wait on his own power of producing wealth enough for the purpose. In paying interest, therefore, the peasant and the householder pay largely for this saving of time. This is all we have ever been able to see that there is in capitalism, and it has always seemed fair, reasonable and indispensable; hence we could never believe that Russian society or any other could get on without it, nor could we see why on earth any society should wish to do so.

We have never viewed with any interest the regime of Lenin, considered as a large-scale experiment in the abolition of rent, interest and profits, because we know well enough beforehand how such an experiment, conceived on any scale, would turn out. Hence we are not much concerned about the moves which Mr. Lloyd George and his fellows attribute to Lenin. We are interested rather in what he is going to do from now on. The peasants wish to own land. Will he permit them to own the economic rent of land as well as the land itself, as the French and English do and as we do? Or will he say to them, Own all the land you want, use it as freely as you please, keep every cent of your earnings untaxed, carry on an unrestricted and untaxed trade in your products both at home and abroad—but you can not own the economic rent. Foreigners want concessions. Will he permit them to own their rental value as well, or will he say, Come and take them, exploit them as hard as ever you like, enjoy every benefit of untaxed industry and untaxed commerce in the wealth you produce—but you must pay every penny of the annual rental value of your concessions. Manufacturers want a foothold. Will he say, Certainly, the more the merrier; in this country production is tax-free, exchange is tax-free, capital is safe and gets a full return with nothing nibbled out by taxation, labour gets a full return determined by the conditions of an absolutely free competitive labour-market—but you can not own your site-values.

Lenin may do something like this; and if he does, it will add a deal of speed to the revolutions which the Allied politicians are now making around his little finger. He can most cheerfully comply with every condition that, publicly at least, has been laid down for him. Especially and with alacrity could he comply with the conditions laid down by Mr. Hughes in his brag-and-bounce of 25 March, which, be it noted, left plenty of opening for further negotiations. Mr. Hughes's letter was a thoroughly statesmanlike production; that is to say, it was a masterpiece of cant so brazen and so despicable as to amount to ribaldry. Think of Lenin, think of the King of the Cannibal Islands, being gravely lectured on the "safety of life and the rights of free labour" by the Secretary of State of a country that includes the mining districts of West Virginia, that makes its way in public affairs by the

hysterical oscillations of mob violence, and that tempers the "rights of free labour" by the rule of gunmen, anti-strike laws and injunctions! But Lenin, without sacrificing any of the strength of his position, can assent to every actual condition that Mr. Hughes lays down, should he decide that it is worth his while to do so. If we were hazarding a guess, it would be that he will not reply to Mr. Hughes. He now has agreements with Germany, Sweden, England, Italy and Turkey, and hence as far as the United States is concerned, he is in even better shape to be independent than he was at the time of Mr. Martens's deportation. In making that gesture, Mr. Wilson's Administration gambled on the notion that Mr. Martens would remain and make a fight in the courts. That was what they wanted him to do and thought he would do. But M. Chicherin was one too many for them, as usual, and promptly hooked Mr. Martens out of the country; thereby reducing the Administration to the ignominious necessity of cancelling the deportation-warrant.

At this stage of the proceedings, however, there is perhaps no great use in speculating about Lenin's behaviour. He has made a mistake or two in the past, but precious few; and one may argue from this that he is not a bad manager and may be trusted to look after himself reasonably well hereafter and not sacrifice much that is important. One thing is certain: as long as the Allied politicians and journalists and Mr. Hughes are the largest potatoes he has to peel, his main trouble will be to keep awake while he does it. For the present, therefore, we content ourselves with suggesting to our readers merely that they go a little slow about accepting more than a fair percentage of the stories current about his surrenders.

THE RADICAL'S CURE.

IN his veto of the Fordney bill during the last hours of his administration President Wilson declared that a policy of favouritism through tariffs "can only serve to revive the feeling of irritation on the part of the great masses of the people, and of lack of confidence in the motives of rulers and the results of government." How much Mr. Wilson himself contributed to this feeling of irritation by failing to live up to his oft-repeated advocacy of unhampered trade, and how materially he increased the lack of confidence in rulers, history will determine. But his acknowledgment of the fact that governments are falling under suspicion as their power for evil is demonstrated upon each new occasion, is worthy of comment. It supports the view that this paper has expressed regarding the present need of economic rather than of political reforms. The lives of the people are not greatly changed by the succession of rulers; the important matter for them is freedom to mind their own business, which they alone are capable of understanding. Carleton Parker's studies of labour-conditions taught him that the workers needed freedom of choice and movement, that the restraints on self-expression must be removed before the familiar conflicts and excesses of our industrial civilization can be ended. But governments instinctively resist any such tendency, since it would both threaten their organic growth and defeat their primary object, which is the preservation of the existing economic system.

Interference with individual lives and denial of personal rights are natural consequences of the development of the State. The problems presented

to rulers have grown too intricate, and their powers and responsibilities too immense to be encompassed by the wisdom of mere mortals. Recent history is proof enough of the folly of the supermen, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the salutary slump in hero-worship may be lasting. Not only have the leaders proved incompetent, but their incompetence is being widely recognized. Their sinister power remains, however, and the task of curbing it baffles the ingenuity of the liberal mind, blind as it is to the foundation upon which that power rests. Never was there a greater revulsion of feeling than that aroused by the horrors of the war, but there remains little difficulty either in enlisting or conscripting men to fight as before in any kind of quarrel. The reason for this is not hard to discover. Economic pressure robs men of the power of independent thought and action by reducing the chances of work and raising the spectre of unemployment. It puts fear into the heart of the employee whose job is at stake, and accounts for the proximity of the employment bureau and the recruiting office.

It is characteristic of the liberal conscience to revolt at the sight of oppression, but the liberal mind seeks rather to modify than to eradicate the cause of suffering. Distrustful of theories, it offers no definite plan of reconstruction, but grasps at any suggestion that seems to offer immediate, if partial, relief. It vacillates between socialism and individualism, between compulsion and liberty. Free Traders by tradition, liberals are not inclined to trace the implications of freedom in the hope of disentangling the conflicting claims of the individual and the State.

Their attitude may seem a wise one at first sight, since it is given to no one to be certain of truth; but even the opportunist acts in accordance with a theory, and the question may be raised whether it is not more fruitful to be guided by an hypothesis that is capable of clear definition and open to intelligent discussion, however erroneous it may prove, rather than to be led by the mere emotion of benevolence.

Oppenheimer has produced an hypothesis which, whether it can be sustained or not, throws considerable light on the vagaries of political leaders. By tracing the origin of the State he comes to the conclusion that political governments were formed for the purpose of protecting privileged classes in the exploitation of the producers of wealth. The surplus wealth originally surrendered at the point of the sword, was later handed over more or less willingly as a tribute to military protectors. The political organism has undergone important modifications in the course of time, but it has developed along the lines of its own nature and has continued to function for the benefit of the groups enjoying special privileges. It is still a compact power composed of statesmen, supported by the army, the law, and the Church, holding in check the popular impulse for freedom in the processes of production and trade.

In order to stop the secular spoliation of the many by the few, it is necessary first to understand the nature of the privileges upon which the whole system rests. This brings us back to the economic problem, so simple in its elements, so complicated in its ramifications. The wealth which is the subject of contention is produced by human effort applied to the raw materials of nature. Taken from the producers at first by naked violence, and then

by due process of law under slavery, it is now abstracted by the more subtle and concealed method of economic pressure, and with less risk to the exploiter. He finds the new method far more effective than the lash, and is relieved of responsibility for the lives of the workers who, as a rule, are personally unknown to him. The worst victims of the system come to be either a charge upon the taxpayer or are forced to resort to private charity.

The benefactions of the wealthy were already a conspicuous feature of American life when Lowell wrote his essay on Democracy. He saw rich men building hospitals, establishing missions among the poor and endowing schools, and he noted as one of the advantages of accumulated wealth that it provided leisure in which men might pause "to think of the want and sorrows of their fellows." But he did not make the mistake of regarding these remedies as anything but partial and palliative. To do otherwise, he said, would be "as if we should apply plasters to a single pustule of the small-pox with a view of driving out the disease. The true way is to discover and extirpate the germs."

Sharing this conviction, the radical analyses the social problem, reducing it to its simplest terms. He believes that he has discovered in legal privilege the germ of the malady which afflicts civilization. He points to the land as the common storehouse and workshop of the race, and seeks to establish justice at the basis of life, believing that a proper understanding between men obliged to exchange their services with each other in the effort to turn natural resources into wealth will make superfluous the swollen powers of government. When the individual is permitted to bear his share of the responsibilities of liberty the burden of the State will be correspondingly reduced, and its power for evil restricted.

A RUSSIAN VICAR OF BRAY.

THE return of M. Bakhmetiev to our shores as a properly accredited representative of the new Russian Government, which the French Government is generously allowing to share with itself the delights of Paris as a capital city, emphasizes again the versatility of the gifted diplomat whom we have been entertaining in Washington at considerable expense, for the last three or four years. During his prosperous ambassadorial career in America, there is very little in Russia except the Russian people that M. Bakhmetiev has not at one time or another represented; without doubt he is the world's champion representative. Not even Mr. Lloyd George or our own Mr. Bainbridge Colby is more accommodating when it comes to reconciling the harshness of principle with the sweets of office.

M. Bakhmetiev's career is an inspiration to any young man or woman entering upon a political or diplomatic career. He first appeared in this country as a member of one of the purchasing commissions appointed by the Tsar's Government. Being dismissed from this post for some reason or other, he passed for awhile into obscurity; from which he suddenly emerged as the Ambassador to the United States of the first Russian Provisional Government, the conservative regime of Professor Milyukov and Prince Lvov. When the reins of power fell into the hands of M. Kerensky, M. Bakhmetiev accepted the change without batting an eyelash. But later when M. Kerensky gave way to Messrs. Lenin and Trotzky, the

situation became rather more difficult; nevertheless a Government is a Government, a job is a job, and an officeholder must hold office. So it is not surprising to learn that there is on record a telegram from Minister of Foreign Affairs Trotzky to M. Bakhmetiev, confirming the latter in his appointment as ambassador on condition that he recognize the Soviet Government and act as its agent. In case of refusal the instructions were that the ambassadorial post was to be offered to M. Bakhmetiev's subordinates, in the order of their rank, until some one was found willing to accept it, and it is said—although it probably could not be proved in a court of law—that our hero was disposed to take up M. Trotzky's proposition, but was dissuaded from doing so by Mr. Secretary Lansing, who presumably assured him that the American people would never desert him and that they were rich and generous enough to maintain him indefinitely as the Russian Ambassador in Washington in the style to which he was accustomed. Besides, Mr. Lansing knew that the Soviet Government was certain to fall within ten days, or a month, or six weeks or before Christmas or in the spring or—well, sooner or later. So M. Bakhmetiev decided to stay on in the old home ostensibly representing the defunct provisional government, although it is not actually known that he ever received instructions from his reputed chief, M. Kerensky.

Suddenly a change came over the scene when the distinguished Tsarist officer, General Kolchak, obligingly metamorphosed himself into a democrat of advanced ideas. Like the Bolshevik, the General was confronted with the problem of a recalcitrant and dissentient Constituent Assembly. He solved it in the simplest possible fashion by murdering—removing the wise call it—as many objectionable deputies as he could lay his hands on. Then, turning his attention to the sphere of international relations, he decided that it was necessary to assure the American people of his high moral character and democratic instincts. M. Bakhmetiev was obviously the man for the job; and so it came about that our Ambassador Extraordinary self-sacrificingly assumed the burden of standing sponsor in Washington for the shifting fortunes of the Supreme Ruler Kolchak. This circumstance in itself gives a somewhat incongruous character to M. Bakhmetiev's present activity as representative and advocate of the movement recently initiated by the few straggling left-overs of the Constituent Assembly who are now resident in Paris. For the relations between that august body and the Supreme Ruler could never be accurately characterized as cordial. It will be remembered that on one occasion, in a communication to the Allied Supreme Council, General Kolchak actually made the disconcerting admission that the majority of the members of the Constituent Assembly "are now in the ranks of the Soviet," for which good and sufficient reason the gallant General conscientiously endeavoured to exterminate the individual members of this pernicious revolutionary organization whenever they crossed his path. It would be interesting to know which unhappy company of ghosts M. Bakhmetiev regards as the rightful repositories of Russian governmental authority: General Kolchak and his coterie of Tsarist officers or the members of the Constituent Assembly who were murdered by the General's orders in the prisons of Omsk. To represent both these groups and the Parisian Russian "Government" as well, is indeed a triumph of diplomatic ability.

But M. Bakhmetiev's versatility is no less admirable in the field of finance. At the time of the November

Revolution, the Kerensky Government had to its credit in this country the sum of \$56,000,000 which had been advanced by the United States Treasury. This tidy amount has now disappeared, together with an additional \$3,000,000 which seems to have been given by our indulgent Treasury to M. Bakhmetiev for pocket-money. The ambassadorial explanation of the matter is that the money was used to liquidate the outstanding obligations of the Russian Government. In fact a special dispatch to the *New York Times* from Washington on 5 February, assured us that M. Bakhmetiev, by some astounding feat of financial legerdemain, had satisfied with the funds at his disposal, claims on the Russian Government amounting to \$120,000,000.

There is only one difficulty about this explanation. The money, of course, was paid out in return for goods, concerning which the Ambassador of the Parisian Russian Government is silent, leaving us to wonder about their fate. Some of these goods may have been shipped to Russia. Some of them were certainly resold here. From which it would appear that the transactions between Mr. Wilson's Administration and M. Bakhmetiev, took approximately the following course: the Administration advanced various sums of money to M. Bakhmetiev, both before and after the November Revolution, and this money was used by M. Bakhmetiev to purchase goods which were either shipped to Russia for unknown purposes, or were resold here, also for unknown purposes. Whereat we can not sufficiently admire the generosity and hospitality of our State and Treasury Departments and the business acumen of M. Bakhmetiev.

For real success in his line of trade, M. Bakhmetiev stands head and shoulders above all the diplomats we ever heard of. He has represented in rapid succession at least three Russian Governments, two of which are not only dead but damned, while the other may be considered as stillborn. For two periods—from the downfall of M. Kerensky to the rise of General Kolchak, and from the exit of the General to the recent emergence of the rump Constituent Assembly in Paris—M. Bakhmetiev could not even pretend to represent anything save only Mr. Wilson's metaphysical conceptions of a "free, democratic, united Russia." One pictures him now as he sits at breakfast in the Russian "Embassy," eagerly scanning the morning paper, for news of some new phantom Russian governments to represent.

CHEKHOV'S DIARY.

This is the first of a series of extracts from Chekhov's diaries and notebooks which have been translated into English by Mr. Leonard Woolf and Mr. S. S. Kotliansky who, it will be remembered, translated Gorky's reminiscences of Tolstoy which were published in these pages last summer.

1896

My neighbour V. N. S. told me that his uncle Fet-Shenshin, the famous poet, when driving through the Mokhovaia Street, would invariably let down the window of his carriage and spit at the University. He would expectorate and spit: Bah! His coachman got so used to this that every time he drove past the University, he would stop.

In February, passing through Moscow, I went to see L. N. Tolstoy. He was irritated, made stinging remarks about the *décadents*, and for an hour and a half argued with B. Chicherin, who, I thought, talked nonsense all the time. Tatyana and Mary [Tolstoy's daughters] laid out a patience; they both wished, and asked me to pick a card out; I picked out the ace of spades separately for each of them, and that annoyed them. By accident there were two aces of spades in the pack. Both of them are extraordinarily sympathetic, and their attitude to their

father is touching. The countess denounced the painter Gé all the evening. She too was irritated.

5 May. The sexton Ivan Nicolaievitch brought my portrait, which he has painted from a photograph. In the evening V. N. S. brought his friend N. He is director of the Foreign Department . . . editor of a magazine . . . and doctor of medicine. He gives the impression of being an unusually stupid person and a reptile. He said "there's nothing more pernicious on earth than a rascally liberal paper," and told us that, apparently, the peasants whom he doctors, having got his advice and medicine free of charge, ask him for a tip. He and S. speak of the peasants with exasperation and loathing.

1 June. I was at the Vagankov Cemetery and saw the graves there of the victims of the Khodinka. [During the coronation of Nicholas II in Moscow hundreds of people were crushed to death in the Khodinka Fields].

4 August. Opening of the school in Talezh. The peasants of Talezh, Bershov, Doubechnia and Sholkovo presented me with four loaves, an icon and two silver salt-cellar. The Sholkovo peasant Postnov made a speech. N. stayed with me from 15 to 18 August. He has been forbidden [by the authorities] to publish anything. . . . In fine weather N. walks in goloshes, and carries an umbrella, so as not to die of sunstroke; he is afraid to wash in cold water, and complains of palpitations of the heart. From me he went on to L. N. Tolstoy. I left Taganrog on 24 August. In Rostov I had supper with a school-friend who has a house in town and a villa in Kislovodsk [in the Caucasus]. I was in Nakhichevan—what a change! All the streets are lit by electric light. On the 28th, I went on a hunting party with Baron Steingel, passed the night in Bermamut. It was cold with a violent wind.

3 September. I arrived at Feodossia and stopped with Souvorin. I saw I. K. Aivasovsky [famous painter] who said to me: "You no longer come to see me, an old man." In his opinion I ought to have paid him a visit. On the 16th in Kharkov, I was in the theatre at the performance of "The Dangers of Intelligence." 17th at home; wonderful weather. Vladimir Sloviov [famous philosopher] told me that he always carried an oak-gall in his trouser pocket—in his opinion, it is a radical cure for piles.

17 October. Performance of my "Seagull" at the Alexandrinsky Theatre. It was not a success. On the 29th, I was at a meeting of the Zemstvo Council at Sezpukhovo.

10 November. I had a letter from A. F. Koni who says he liked my "Seagull" very much. On the 26th, a fire broke out in our house. Count S. I. Shakhovsky helped to put it out. When it was over, Sh. related that once, when a fire broke out in his house at night, he lifted a tank of water weighing four and a half hundredweight and poured the water on the flames.

4 December. For the performance [of the "Seagull"] on 17 October see *Theatral*, No. 95, page 75. It is true that I fled from the theatre, but only when the play was over. I was in L.'s dressing-room during two or three acts. During the intervals there came to her officials of the State Theatres in uniform, wearing their orders, P. — with a Star; a handsome young official of the Department of the State Police also came to her. If a man takes up work which is alien to him, art for instance, then, since it is impossible for him to become an artist, he becomes an official. What a lot of people thus play the parasite round science, the theatre, and painting—by putting on a uniform! Likewise the man to whom life is alien, who is incapable of living, nothing else remains for him, but to become an official. The fat actresses who were in the dressing-room, made themselves pleasant to the officials—respectfully and flatteringly. (L. expressed her delight that P., so young, had already got the Star.) They were old, respectable house-keepers, serf-women, whom the masters honoured with their presence.

21 December. Levitan suffers from dilation of the aorta. He carries clay on his chest. He has superb studies for pictures, and a passionate thirst for life.

1897

10 January to 3 February, busy with the census. I am enumerator of the 16th district, and have to instruct the other (fifteen) enumerators of our Bavykin Section. They all work superbly, except the priest of the Starospassky parish and the Government official, appointed to the Zemstvo, G., (who is in charge of the census district); he is away nearly all the time in Serpukhovo, spends every evening at the Club and keeps on wiring that he is not well. All the rest of the Government officials of our district are also said to do nothing.

With such critics as we have, authors like N. S. Lyskov and S. V. Maximov can not be a success.

Between "there is a God" and "there is no God" lies a whole vast tract, which the really wise man crosses with great effort. A Russian knows one or other of these two extremes, and the middle tract between them does not interest him; and therefore he usually knows nothing, or very little.

The ease with which Jews change their religion is justified by many on the ground of indifference. But this is not a justification. One has to respect even one's indifference, and not change it for anything, since indifference in a decent man is also a religion.

15 February. Pancakes at Soldatienkov's [a Moscow publisher]. Only Golziev [editor of *Russian Thought*] and myself were present. Many fine pictures, nearly all badly hung. After the pancakes we drove to Levitan, from whom Soldatienkov bought a picture and two studies for 1,100 roubles. In the evening I was at Professor Ostroumov's; he says that Levitan "can't help dying." O. himself is ill and obviously frightened. On the 16th, several of us met in the evening in the offices of *Russian Thought* to discuss the People's Theatre. Everyone liked Shekhtel's plan.

19 February. Dinner at the "Continental" to commemorate the great reform [the abolition of the serfdom in 1861]. Tedious and incongruous. To dine, drink champagne, make a racket, and deliver speeches about national consciousness, the conscience of the people, freedom, and such things, while slaves in tail-coats are running round your tables, veritable serfs, and your coachmen wait outside in the street, in the bitter cold—that is lying to the Holy Ghost.

22 February. I went to Serpukhovo to an amateur performance in aid of the school at Novosiolki. As far as Zarizin I was accompanied by Z., a little queen in exile—an actress who imagines herself great; uneducated and a bit vulgar.

25 March till 10 April. I was laid up in Ostroumov's clinic. Hæmorrhage. Creaking, moisture in the apexes of both my lungs; congestion in the apex of the right. On 28 March L. N. Tolstoy came to see me. We spoke of immortality. I told him the gist of Nossilov's story "The Theatre of the Voguls," and he evidently listened with great pleasure.

1 May. N. arrived. He is always thanking you for tea and dinner, apologizing, afraid of being late for the train; he talks a great deal, keeps mentioning his wife, like Gogol's Mijniev, pushes the proofs of his play over to you, first one sheet, then another, giggles, attacks Menshikov, whom Tolstoy has "swallowed"; assures you that he would shoot Stassieulevitch, if the latter were to show himself at a review as President of the Russian Republic; giggles again, wets his moustaches with the soup, eats hardly anything, and yet is quite a nice man after all. On the 4th, the monks from the monastery paid us a visit. Dasha Moussin-Poushkin, the wife of the engineer Gliebov, who has been killed hunting, was there. She sang a great deal. On the 24th, I was present at the examinations of two schools in Tchirkov.

13 July. Opening of the school at Novosiolki which I have had built. The peasants gave me an icon with an inscription. The Zemstvo people were absent. Braz [painter] does my portrait (for the Tretiakov Gallery). Two sittings a day.

22 July. I received a medal for my work on the census.

23 July. In Petersburg. Stopped at Souvorin's, in the

drawing-room. Met V. I. T., who complained of his hysteria and praised his own books.

28 July. In Moscow. In the editorial office of *Russian Thought*, bugs in the sofa.

4 September. Arrived in Paris. "Moulin Rouge," *danse du ventre*, Café du Néon with coffins, Café du Ciel, etc.

8 September. In Biarritz. Every Russian in Biarritz complains of the number of Russians here.

14 September. Bayonne. *Grande course landoise*. Bullfight.

9 October. In Monte Carlo. I saw B.'s mother playing roulette. Unpleasant sight.

15 November. Monte Carlo. I saw how the croupier stole a louis d'or.

1898

5 May. Returned home. Must put down the fact that, in Paris, in spite of the rain and cold, I spent two or three weeks without being bored. Many interesting acquaintances: Paul Boyer, Art Roë, Bonnie, M. Dreyfus, De Roberti, Waliczewsky, Onieguin. Left by Nord-express for Petersburg, whence to Moscow. At home, found wonderful weather.

An example of clerical boorishness. At a dinner party the critic Protopopov came up to M. Kovalevsky, clinked glasses and said: "I drink to science, so long as it does no harm to the people."

1901

12 September. I was at L. Tolstoy's.

7 December. Talked to L. Tolstoy over the telephone. (To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN MACHIAVELLI.

To the faithful man who would preclude revolution and preserve to future princes the blessings of things as they are, the present course of rulers everywhere is disturbing. There are too many iron clamps on discussion, too much clapping into jail of dissenters. Such measures may breed revolt among even an insensitive and unrevolutionary people like yours in America, whereas by gentle measures they may be held conformable to your rule for many generations. Most of your people are too busy to dwell upon those hardships which may be incident to the rule of princes; many of them fortunately think all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds; and the irritation of those who are annoyed may be counted upon to blow over if they are given some new thought to divert them; and things happen so fast and so vastly in American newspapers that diversion is quick and easy. You have, in a word, a docile people, well-grounded in the respect due to property, and apt for such ideas as you may in your wisdom provide them.

The principle upon which those in authority should act is simple; they should not attempt by force to cause the people to *do* this or that, but by judicious selection of ideas they should cause the people to *believe* this or that. You should turn your attention, therefore, not to those few who may be protestants, but to the vast mass of those who by gracious control will maintain themselves in happy subjection. Be not concerned with paltry publications which, left to themselves, will presently die of internal dissensions and financial distress, but fill your own newspapers, schools, churches, motion-pictures with ideas that will perpetuate the satisfaction of those who fare well under your rule, and reduce the likelihood of outbreak among those who fare ill.

Of such ideas, none is more important than a belief in the possibility of permanent prosperity. A few sophisticated people at the top and a few ineffectual protestants at the bottom will doubtless know better than this, but the masses in the middle will think they

believe America to be a land of universal opportunity, and the only one; and they should never be allowed to forget it. This fiction that success comes to those who are worthy of it, supports the complacency of those who are comfortable, and rouses commendable hopes in those who are uncomfortable. It is the easier to maintain because there is in fact throughout the vocal part of the community a high degree of material comfort, a tradition of plenty and prodigality. Thanks to the precautions of past rulers, the wants of the citizenry are simple, their imaginations vivacious, but strictly material: good wages, a motor-vehicle, a clean record with the Republican party, and a profound satisfaction in that state to which it has pleased God to permit them to climb, characterize the bulk of the middle-class population. They have, indeed, enough money, education, opportunity, freedom of speech and conduct to satisfy their demands, and more than enough freedom for all the thinking they want to do in life; and this pleasing modicum should be scrupulously reserved to them.

A potential danger lies in the presence among the people of the extremes of rich and poor. It was long possible to deal with this difficulty by denying its existence; this is, alas, no longer feasible, but it is not difficult to turn the facts to your advantage. The people should be led to be sorry for the poor. This is easy, for men are by nature kind, and by their sympathy, they will be suffused with a feeling of Christianity, a most blessed state. At the same time by comparison the condition of the prosperous and the less poor will seem the more satisfactory, and they will be thankful. Furthermore those who are successful will experience a fresh approbation of their own ability, thrift and industry. As for the very rich, emphasis should be laid upon the idleness of their effete and vapid youth, poisoned by the virus of aristocracy and on their wasteful way to degeneracy and poverty. This will provide a flattering background for that substantial worth of which the middle classes so proudly count themselves the sole possessors. They will even hold themselves fortunate in not having too much money, in still feeling the nip and zest of earning and spending. Yet the rich should afford also a certain sunshine of possibility; those millionaires who are the grandsons, or even the sons, of errand-boys, boot-blacks, clergymen et cetera should be sought out and the stories of their sires' careers noised abroad. As for the active man of great wealth, he should be kept much before the populace, represented as the possessor of every virtue: hard-working, frugal, a patron of the arts and of baseball.

Not only should the people be encouraged to believe that prosperity is possible for them all; its attainment should be the controlling ambition of individuals and nation alike. It is well, to be sure, to deplore this tendency from time to time; for this will serve without expense to foster idealism, an art of which every prince should be complete master. The people should be led to support whatever supports business, and to fear whatever seems to threaten it; and the cause of prosperity should be to them the cause of God and country. But in this the prince need expend no great effort; for once prosperity is established as the prime aim of his people, he need do little more than sit, as the saying is, tight, and cut his coupons. For it is readily seen that general prosperity comes not by way of agitation, protest, revolution; it comes along with the special prosperity of the owning classes. When times are prosperous, there may be trifling talk of profiteers, but while the little fellows all have jobs and the butcher

and the baker step briskly to the clang of the cash register, there is little cause for anxiety.

One problem, indeed, presents itself. The worker may imbibe some notion of his importance, and may even demand an unseemly share of his product. In general this should be forestalled by apt cajolements, as pensions and skating rinks and the like, but should the demands threaten to become insistent, higher wages and shorter hours should be ungrudgingly laid upon the altar of profits. Indeed it is sometimes well to raise wages in advance of demands; for even if it should happen that something is pared from the ideal of accumulation, it can not amount to very much, and in the long run it will be found that this policy will bring golden rewards. For thus the worker will be shorn of the idea that he has something to do with running the show, and will retain a wholesome and becoming sense of gratitude. This policy is known as keeping up the *moral* of the worker. At the same time, the consuming public is impressed anew by the infinite mercy of princes and will the more avidly attribute its economic difficulties to the idleness and rapacity of the working classes. Likewise during times of prosperity, the prince should eagerly pour largess into the hand of his friend the reformer and uplifter, who will then readily give ear to his lamentations when trade is languid, and will loyally support him if trouble should impend. This, in truth, is an important part of maintaining the *moral* of the public.

The spirit of optimism, furthermore, should not be restricted to the economic sphere, but should permeate all fields. The people should be given cause to hope until they are safely dead, or are immersed in hope for the welfare of the coming generation. They should be taught to believe that they are young, buoyant, fighting against odds but always fit for conquest. All the forces of public opinion should be directed to the preservation of invincible optimism. Once started it will take care of itself, for it is a fat and easy virtue. In order to preserve it people will desire to surround themselves with wholesome ideas; and after their day's work will distract their minds with easy entertainments and distractions. They will, of course, reject all books that show things in dark colours, telling one another sympathetically that there is enough misery in this world without reading about it. The critic of life and affairs will be obliged to save himself by ending on "a hopeful note"; and novels and short stories, and historical, political and economic disquisitions for general consumption will of necessity vary only in the degree of their gladness. The financial value of literary optimism will increase the popular respect for it, while those who can not or will not hope may be left to die of slow starvation; and thus the circle of happiness is complete. For who are these carping critics? Dreary people whose books are not read, luckless, incompetent. Your wholesome, healthy citizen will know that anyone who is normal will get ahead in this world; if he does not, something is the matter with him, and no one need attend his plaint. From the apostle of the happy ending, princes have nothing to fear.

It is desirable, however, to buttress optimism with a philosophy of courage. For it is necessary on occasion to admit that there are misfortunes. But the people should be taught to believe that the man who is worth his salt meets them with fortitude, rejoicing that there is always some one more miserable than he. The poor, indeed, must be always with us; but at least they should be as neat and industrious as possible, and willing to make the best of their lot. If this conviction

is firmly embedded in the public mind, the rebellious poor will produce but small effect. Acceptance under the name of resignation should be decried by all wise rulers, but acceptance under the name of courage, keeping a stiff upper lip, looking at the bright side of things, should be a prime virtue. The successful man himself should be hardly a more admired type than the widowed washerwoman (poor but clean) who puts up a brave front. In short, few things are more important to your reign than that the fortunate among your subjects should view with equanimity the poverty of the dispossessed.

Ideals, in general, should be actively encouraged. In ordinary daily use it is not necessary to specify them, for if the people rest assured that they have ideals, their strength will be as the strength of ten against the revolutionary who is by definition lacking in those ideals. On the other hand, as occasion arises, various fitting names may be applied to the general state of mind—Democracy, Liberty, the Spirit of the Founders of This Republic, and the like. The more secure your populace is in the belief that the Founders of This Republic were rugged revolutionaries, the more staunchly will they sit in their clubs, conserving what their ancestors fought for.

Humanity is a term which should be always subject to call; skilfully directed to aid the starving inhabitants of a foreign land, it will infuse with virtue the fatness of your people, prove the ineffable superiority of your institutions, and afford safe outlet for the emotions of those who might otherwise find mischief enough to do at home. When a foreign land is not available, much the same end may be served by stressing the ideal of Service. This is valuable in the case of those who at the best of times do not respond to naïve optimism and unrewarded courage; and when War and Tumult, Famine and Disaster threaten, it should be applied instantly to the cheery masses. Indeed, so potent is the soporific effect of Service, that it may even be desirable to summon the disaster in order to bring the Service into play. It affords a satisfactory sense of martyrdom for those who like that sort of thing, and does not disturb the complacency of those who prefer their ease. Skilfully operated, it promotes the notion of democracy, and at the same time creates an aristocracy of servitors impregnable to the revolutionary who stands without. Indeed no instrument is so effective with the potential dissenter, for once he is busy serving he will be restored to contentment, confident that those conditions which perturbed him are improving, for is he not himself working with a high and lofty spirit in a cause marked good?

Properly trained, the people is your best friend; and you should always bear in mind that proper training is largely a matter of tactful nomenclature. Ignorance, poverty, injustice, economic autocracy are unpleasing facts; but they will be hardly noticed if you speak only of universal education, prosperity, opportunity, America. The admonition to walk humbly in that station in life to which God in his infinite wisdom has called them, does not much appeal to your people; but if you tell them that they are free; that there are no classes, but that they are all on their way to the upper ones, they will stay scrub-women and coal-heavers all their lives with surprising equanimity and cheerfulness. The bulk of your people must be kept well-conditioned for the sake of Industry, but this subordination of men to institutions which should be called Prussianism in other lands, will need only to be called the Spirit of Service to produce the desired result among your people.

But always the tact must be unremitting. During the late war, ideals did yeoman service; then rich men worked for a dollar a day to prove that they lived in a democracy; the middle classes basked in the belief that they were the backbone of the nation and at the same time were exposed to a flattering contact with their betters; riveters and dockhands were assured that they were the foundation of our national life (though with these meaner spirits it was unfortunately necessary also to make certain material concessions); the women nursed and knitted themselves into happy co-operation with the established system; while as for those who did not join the common cause—they were anathema maranatha. But alas as soon as the war was over, all this magnificent structure was thrown to the winds. The cry of "Red! Red!" to be sure, was retained; but this is a negative control at best, and in this instance it was so ineptly managed as to be useless, if not actually a menace to law and order. All management of the populace went by the board. The noble workingman became overnight the brutish profiteer, and the full burden of economic troubles was gracelessly attributed to his rapacity. Thus at a moment when the situation called for the subtlest currying, crude force and the insolence of the powerful drove the people to irritation; indeed it was only by the grace of God that they expressed their pent-up feelings by voting for the prince who now rules over them. But while the rule of such princes in America seems thus assured for many years, you should nonetheless look well to your courses, lest by want of tact and by harshness where urbanity is due, you drive even a wholesome and pious people into revolt.

ALICE EDGERTON.

WHEN CONSUMERS UNITE.

THE recent resignation of the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Karl Renner, to assume the presidency of the national federation of the Austrian consumers' co-operative societies, a position he had held for several years previous to his entry into political activity, is another indication of the growing importance of the co-operative movement as a factor in the economic reconstruction of Europe.

While consumers' co-operation stands by no means alone in its desire to replace the present system of social organization with a collectivist order, it distinguishes itself sharply from other collectivist groups in being essentially an economic movement. It is still more distinctive in being of spontaneous origin and development, the result of natural economic laws, rather than the creation of any school of social theorists. It presents an idea peculiar to itself, but whose chief claim to consideration lies in the fact that it is incorporated in a living body. The affiliated membership of the international movement now numbers thirty million heads of families, as compared with about eight million in 1914. The number, however, is of lesser importance. What is of significance is the fact that this large body is already operating a series of vast productive and commercial enterprises, representing a radically new system of industrial organization.

The paternity of consumers' co-operation has often been assigned to Robert Owen. Undoubtedly Owen was the first, in Britain at least, to discover through experimentation some means by which to bring order into the industry of his day, which then seemed devoid of any order at all. Collectivism was his answer, his solution. But he regarded with contempt the little

groups of consumers which had sprung up among the humbler classes of the workers (many of these groups had been already established before his time), their members sharing with each other the economies of joint purchasing. To Owen, impatient of small beginnings, consumers' collectivism seemed too petty to be worthy of consideration. Like most of his associates, and like Lasalle, Marx, and his own disciples, Neale, Hughes and Kingsley, he was obsessed by the idea that each worker should, as nearly as possible, own the tools or machinery with which he worked individually. The transformation of industry must begin at the point of production. It was the idea of men who regretfully saw the gradual disintegration of the handicrafts system of industry, going on before their eyes. It is the idea which persists to this day in the modern movements of the syndicalists and the guild-socialists. Owen was essentially the champion of producers' control.

Meanwhile, however, while Owen and his associates talked and experimented, the consumers' groups continued to develop and increase in numbers, not as the result of any social propaganda in their favour, but because they offered a practical remedy for everyday evils. They represented the efforts of the workers themselves, along the line of least resistance. As yet there was no social idealism behind the movement, much less social philosophy. It was, in fact, not so much a movement as a simultaneous effort on the part of many separate groups, each vaguely, or not at all, conscious of the rest. Each sought immediate relief from economic pressure, groping blindly, but possessed of an instinctive knowledge of certain economic laws, the product of generations of struggle against economic pressure.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, only a few dozen of these struggling groups survived in Britain. They survived because they had grasped the law, and strictly obeyed its demands. They were, in fact, the fittest. They had as yet little to show in material gain, but they had a common experience which was to prove invaluable to the future movement. It was in obedience to the fundamental law that they took the next step forward. Having consolidated their local gains, they formed a national federation, not to debate abstract theories but to continue their commercial operations on a nation-wide scale.

The English Co-operative Wholesale Society, founded in 1863, began as merely a central purchasing agency of a small number of local consumers' co-operative societies, but it stood on certain very clearly defined principles. Chief of these was that of democratic participation and control. The local societies had demonstrated that a group-enterprise could succeed only on that principle. From the idea of political democracy they had very definitely detached the idea of a voluntary democracy; a group-democracy based on the free will of every individual. It was a limitation, but a limitation in size only, more than counter-balanced by the element of efficiency.

Perhaps less consciously learned was the lesson that the collective power of the group-democracies must not be centralized. This was a natural result of the necessity of preserving the voluntary nature of organization. Authority must not be delegated to higher powers, beyond such a degree as was absolutely necessary for carrying out in detail the general instructions of the local organizations. Without political power the wholesale society could not, of course, compel local organizations to join its constituency, but it carefully refrained from exercising even economic pressure to

achieve that end, for it supplied non-members as well as members, the inducement to join being only the right to share in control of the management and the collective reserves which were accumulated.

The principle of use, instead of personal profit, as the object of all commercial enterprises, the co-operatives had in common with all the other collectivist movements, but it had been derived from experience, not from precept. The practice of rebating a portion of the trading surplus of the enterprise is, of course, merely a device, a compromise between the ideal and the practical, uniting the two. Even here experience had shown that this device must be practised within certain limitations, for those societies which had rebated all of their surpluses back to the purchasing members had failed. The collective capital must be developed. The early leaders of the movement saw clearly that it must be rooted in this principle if it was to grow.

Not only the English wholesale society, but the movement as a whole, grew rapidly during the 'sixties. But it was only natural that the economists and social reformers of that time should have regarded it as of little significance, for obviously every economic institution is dependent on its sources of supply, and, divorced from the field of production, and more especially from agricultural production, "distributive" co-operation, as it is still called, would be merely a penny-saving device, utterly dependent on whatever system served as its means of supply.

Of this weakness even those early English pioneers were quite aware. By the late 'sixties, the wholesale society had acquired control of vast volumes of money and a considerable reserve of collective capital. More important still, it represented an organized market, a consumers' demand. It was, however, the threatened boycott of a group of manufacturers, actuated by the private merchants who were suffering from the co-operative competition, that finally compelled the next important step. The British wholesale society began manufacturing on its own account, and so entered into the field of production.

During the next twenty years the movement in Britain devoted itself to expanding its productive plants. Not only the wholesale society, but the larger local societies, established large manufacturing plants, the wholesale society specializing in those industries which, through the competition of privately-owned capitalist enterprises, demanded centralization of capital in expensive machinery and large-scale production.

During this interval the movement still remained dependent on outside supply for its raw materials, but the necessity of securing control of these was not yet plain, production in the field of agriculture not having approached its present-day monopolistic phase of organization, as it had in the field of manufacturing. That final step came through logical suggestion, rather than through economic compulsion. Already many of the local societies had acquired land for the purpose of growing vegetables and dairy-products for their members. The British wholesale society had established a jam-factory, which was none too large to serve the demands of the movement, but somewhat too large to work on the available supply of fresh fruit. To increase this supply, eight hundred acres of farm-land was acquired, for the purpose of raising fruit. The economic soundness of the step having been established, the wholesale society developed that policy, making extensive purchases of land from time to time. Tea-estates were bought in Ceylon and India, coal-lands were acquired and collieries opened, thousands

of acres of English farm-lands were taken over, and a concession in West Africa was obtained, covering a vast region whence the raw materials for the manufacture of soap and margarine could be obtained. Finally, during the early period of the war, when voracious speculators worried the society considerably, ten thousand acres of wheatlands were purchased in Canada. Not the least significant, as a reaction against profiteering landlords, has been the growing practice of local co-operative societies to purchase tracts of undeveloped land and erect thereon blocks of model dwellings, which are rented to the members on a co-operative basis.

The co-operative method, being purely an economic method, can accomplish its ends only by a slow, evolutionary process. As yet, comparatively speaking, it has only inserted the point of the wedge. It faces the fact of land-monopoly, and it pays monopoly's price. But with each inward drive of the wedge, monopoly's hold is weakened. Each bushel of wheat raised on its collective holdings adds its weight in the balance against the product of private monopoly.

It is by this method of economic penetration that the co-operative movement as a whole moves ahead throughout the world, indifferent to the favours or persecutions of governments, thriving under both. So gradual is its development that even many of its own followers cry out impatiently against its slowness and turn impulsively towards the leaders of the revolutionary political parties, who promise a quick, if a somewhat bloody, transition to their Utopias. It remains, however, the only *de facto* representative of mass-collectivism in actual operation, aside from the widely scattered experiments in municipal ownership. I exclude Russia, for the reason that the Soviet Government is nothing more than the political serpent which has swallowed a co-operative billiard ball. What economic activity there was in Russia, a year ago, was completely in the hands of the Russian co-operative movement. Since then the Soviet has removed the elected administrators of the co-operative enterprises and put its own appointees in their places, but the body of the movement remains essentially unchanged. Outside the larger cities and towns, the rank and file of the Russian movement are still unaware of the change to the political method.

That co-operation will ultimately triumph, not only over capitalism, but over its socialist rivals, or alternatives, State-socialism and syndicalism, is a prophecy which even a co-operator may not safely make. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, in their recent work, "A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain," accord to the economic movement a large share of the task of bringing about the transition to the new order, assigning to it about a fourth of the total industrial field. Whatever its destiny, the co-operative movement embodies a philosophy peculiar to itself, a philosophy which one may never hear expounded from platforms, but which is obvious only through deduction.

The impulse behind industry is use, the desire to consume, not only material commodities, but such less tangible values as recreations, public services and objects of art. Obviously, the impulse emanates from the people as consumers. They, then, should control that vast machinery which their desires set in motion. As workers in the industries they may, indeed, exercise the right of fixing the conditions under which they must labour, but their general relations with the consumers' body as a whole can not ever transcend that of servants. The interest of society as a body

of consumers is the only ground level enough on which to construct an industrial democracy. The workers of each industry are a separate group by themselves, with interests distinct, sometimes even antagonistic, to those of other industrial groups. The consumers' interest is the common denominator of all these fractions of the social body as a whole.

It is in this respect, as the representative of an interest that is common to all units of society, that the co-operative movement presents itself as an opponent of political government. Government, as is obvious from its historic origin, is a higher authority, created by all the social elements within a nation, whose function it is to regulate the friction between these elements with their conflicting interests, and to protect the nation as a whole from the aggressions of other nations. Consumers' co-operation emphasizes and then elevates to a dominating position the consumer-interests of society, bringing all other economic interests into a subservient position, destroying most of them. As these group-interests, the majority of which are anti-social, merge and disappear into the broader social interest, friction disappears. This is true not only of the social groups, but of the nations as well. The consumer-interest permeates all nations equally, and as it acquires a dominating position, the cause for international dispute automatically and naturally disappears, depriving government of its chief function. This tendency on the part of the co-operative movement, however gradual or slow it may be, will ultimately undermine political government as we know it to-day by depriving it of its functions, one by one, until its strength atrophies, through lack of exercise. It was the danger of this rivalry that led to the forcible seizure of the Russian co-operative movement by the forces of the Soviet Government. This was rendered possible because the Government was just then in a very strong position, being attacked from the outside, which always puts a government into a position of power.

It is only by assuming entirely new functions, by assuming the administration of industrial enterprises or public services, that the State may hope to rejuvenate its declining vigour. But by so doing, it changes its texture completely, and becomes the centralized authority of a co-operative organization, differing from an ordinary consumers' society only in having the power to compel affiliation on the part of every member of the community.

This feature constitutes the chief difference between State-socialism and voluntary co-operation. State-socialism may indeed come and prosper for a time, but never can it blend with voluntary co-operation. Between the two there is eternal struggle and competition. It is the old struggle between amalgamation and federation; between Federal power and State rights; between Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. The State holds that the part is always less than the whole. Co-operation, like Jefferson, stands for "the greatest good for the greatest number."

ALBERT SONNICHSEN.

A FLORIDA CRACKER.

CLOUDS of blind insects go whirling like a puff of steam down the avenue of citrus trees. In the fragrant shade of a seedling orange we recline on the harrowed sand, relaxed and bemused by the hypnotic air of the Florida spring. A light breeze is barely stirring the green plumes of new growth and the heavy bloom above us. As we empty our paper-bags of lunch, David Hightower, straddling an overturned field-box, celebrates his picaresque adventures in Texas, California, Florida, and France. His story is as wanton and spontaneous

as the finest extravaganza that a mocking bird can improvise at this deliciously enervating season in the South.

David's narrative is discursive and highly flavoured with Rabelaisian comment and episode. For the seven of our picking-gang who served in France, his stories of thieving, drinking and rioting in the little towns about Toul and Nancy, are a splendid réchauffé. For the others he warms over with fiery condiment of his imagination, experiences of vagabonding in the West. How vivaciously, from his frugal store of words, he can picture the "jungles," the "stiffs," the "boomers," the "veggs," the ranchers—the society of the flop-houses, box-cars, and "slave-markets" of the Far West.

In all his stories he presents himself as the wise fool who is almost taken in by this plausible veteran of the road or that parsimonious Junker. But in the *dénouement* he invariably beats the enemy by superior craft or violence, leaving us to imagine the villain empty-handed, cursing to high heaven over the shaped dice, the marked cards or the sabotaged tractor. Quick to threaten with knife or revolver, or to fight to a finish with his fists, David gets away with the prize every time.

One of a large family, he left his overcrowded farm-home in Georgia at seventeen. One evening a pair of dark eyes on the village green made him forget his chores. His "Daddy" whipped him for failing to water the horses and a week later he was tramping the dusty roads of the South-west in search of work. He fell in with vagabonds and thieves who initiated him in the mysteries of "mouthing" and petty larceny. But, finally, he broke away from the old tramp who was tutoring and exploiting him and led an "honest life" as a working-stiff for a while.

He tramped the "Bean Route" and the "Dirty Plate" in California, picked canteloupe in the Imperial Valley, berries in the Puyallup, apples in the Yakima, and "rode the rattler" back and forth many a time from Phoenix to Medicine Hat. He was jailed innumerable times for vagrancy and survived the terrible experiences of the convict-labourer in a turpentine camp. Once he had broken out of a small-town calaboose in the dead of night by demolishing a wall. He had intended at first to loosen the iron bars in the window of the jail with a ball and chain he found in his cell. But his first blow at the narrow window had loosened so many bricks that he could not resist the temptation to knock down the entire wall. Thus he vented his anger and walked out of jail erect.

During convalescence from an attack of pneumonia, a bad attack of nostalgia got the best of him and he beat his way back to the South-east. His version of the return of the prodigal is novel. He came to the well of the Georgia farm and asked his mother for a drink. She handed him the dipper and returned to her washing in the shade of a live-oak. With a heavy heart, David "hit the road" again, and presently was signing ship's articles as oiler for a trip from Jacksonville to Antwerp and return. Towards the end of this voyage he was manhandled by an engineer and decided to stay on land for a season. He became a baker's assistant in a small town in the citrus district of Florida and then, irked by the confinement of the bakery, he found work in a picking-gang. The draft took him out of the groves and sent him to France with a Southern Division that saw action in the St. Mihiel salient and the Forêt d'Argonne. When he mustered out in 1919 he headed for the Florida groves again to soothe his raw nerves in the voluptuous climate of Polk County.

Unlike the native Western or Northern casual labourer, David Hightower voices no protest as he tells the tale of his peregrinations. He is an unembittered adventurer, taking life as it comes, with loud laughter. His moral sense is rudimentary, concerns itself solely with certain primitive taboos of the old Protestant South. This wild fellow, who has broken most of the Ten Commandments in peace and all of them in war, announces that "he ain't sanctified, but a man don't belong to go fishing on Sunday." In telling of amorous escapades he is as fundamentally cynical and as coarse as a man can be about women, but he is always mooning about some girl he is going to meet that evening in the schoolhouse-yard. "The sweetest little gal you ever did see," he will drawl, "it gives me the dreamy blues to think of her."

David loves cruelty for its own sake. He tells of the brutality of convict-camps and of lynching-bees with a savage zest that always wins applause in the circle of listeners. He delights in stories of cruelty to animals and I saw his eye light with pleasure one day as the squealing of a pig came down on the wind from a near-by farm. He conjectured with great interest the cause of the animal's suffering and spoke of his love of pig-sticking. "They should have tied the damned nigger to a stump and burned him," he says when anyone tells of the impertinence or lawlessness of a Negro.

In his stories and observations, David reveals himself as the essential Cracker—an articulation of the desires, superstitions, sentiments of his fellows. He is proud, sensitive, and vain; but with a vanity well-tempered by humour. He has a fine sense of courtesy, is extremely deft in avoiding social friction of any sort, but is a terrible man when his own easily outraged sensibilities are injured. He is the most good-humoured man in the world or a berserker; as happy and voluble as a mocking-bird in the mating-season or deeply melancholy, sullen, irritable. But, contrasting him with the more energetic and perfectly unimaginative Yankees of the picking-gang, he is a creature for whom to thank God. As one listens to his delightful tales or studies his April moods, it is impossible not to predict an eventful destiny for his children.

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

MUSIC.

HARMONIC DEVELOPMENT IN MUSIC

II

ONE of the first of the great composers that we still find on our programmes is Palestrina (about 1525), who used not only the major third but the minor third, which may be represented by the interval between E and G, or half a tone less than the major third. The ratio here is five to six, and the sixth partial emerges. It had become evident, however, that with the major third the limit of harmonic progress had been reached; and Palestrina, like the unknown monk, found himself in disfavour. Dismissed and banished from the church, he spent part of his life in exile, being kindly received by the secular barbarians elsewhere. Later his insidious heresy had so far crept into men's minds that he was invited to return to the church. Far from repenting, he made further use of the musical material at hand, and, by inverting the third, produced the sixth and minor sixth. As these form, not a new ratio, but an inversion of the ratios used in the third, they represent the fifth and sixth partials. These intervals he may have found in folk music evolved long before his time, but he must be given credit for their first conscious artistic use.

In Palestrina also, curiously enough, may be found intervals which are still considered dissonances, but which he employed only in passing from one consonance to another. Each (so-called) dissonance is prepared for by the prior use of each of its tones in a consonance, and each he immediately resolved into an accepted consonance. As these dissonances are more or less fortuitous, and as he did not use them as independent musical material, Palestrina can not be considered as having originated them. Had he done so he would have anticipated musical progress by many generations.

Between Palestrina and Bach the only harmonic innovation was the minor seventh, which was probably introduced by Monteverdi. This gives a ratio of four to seven, and may be represented by the interval from D to C. Bach, in whose masterful hands the contrapuntal epoch reached its culmination, was the first to employ the major ninth, or the interval between C and the D above the octave, which, with its ratio of four to nine, is the reverse of the minor seventh. Two more overtones were conquered in this way. It is a curious fact—or possibly not so curious, in view of the traditional attitude toward musical innovations—that although Bach was accepted as a great organist in his own day he was not so well thought of as a composer. The greater part of his music lay unnoticed until it was brought to the attention of the world by Mendelssohn a century later.

Beethoven's principal contribution to harmony was the minor ninth, with its ratio of six to thirteen, which may be instanced by the combination of C with the D flat above the octave. Wagner shocked the conservatives by using orchestrally the augmented eleventh, or the interval between C and the F sharp above the octave. The ratio here is four to eleven, or, in the chord which Wagner used (for example, C-G-B flat-D-F sharp) 4:6:7:9:11. Wagner also developed, although he can not claim to have originated, the minor secondary seventh. Since then, Debussy has used major seconds, or the interval of a single tone, both singly and in pairs, and used also major sevenths. The respective ratios here are eight to nine and eight to fifteen. Schoenberg uses consecutive sevenths and minor seconds, with their ratio of fifteen to sixteen; and Ornstein uses consecutive minor seconds as well as more than one minor second at once; although with Ornstein this usage appears to be inspirational rather than as part of a conscious plan.

By these slow gradations, the more advanced musicians have reached the point where they hear and employ together any two or three of the first sixteen of the innumerable partials which result when a single tone is struck or sounded; and the order in which these combinations appear to have been adopted is, as we have seen, with one exception noted below, exactly the mathematical order in which they occur. We have said appear to have been adopted, because no absolute proof of the date of the original uses of the new intervals is possible without a complete examination of all musical literature. But a reasonably thorough investigation does indicate that use of the intervals as basic (or unresolved) musical material was made substantially as appears in the following table:

Innovators	Intervals	Notes of intervals	Ratios	New partials represented
Ecclesiastical addition	oct., perfect	(C to C)	1 : 2	2nd
Guido d'Arezzo's addition	5th, perfect	(C to G)	2 : 3	3rd
Boy Sopranos' addition	4th, perfect	(C to F)	3 : 4	4th
Pope Gregory's addition	3rd, major	(C to E)	4 : 5	5th
Palestrina's addition	3rd, minor	(E to G)	5 : 6	6th
Monteverdi's addition	7th, minor	(D to C)	4 : 7	7th
Bach's addition	9th, major	(C to D 8va)	4 : 9	9th
Beethoven's addition	9th, minor	(B to C 8va)	5 : 13	13th
Wagner's addition	11th chord	(C-G-B \flat -D-F \sharp)	4 : 5 : 7 : 9 : 11	11th
Debussy's addition	chord of major 2nds	(C-D-A \flat -B \flat)	8 : 9 : 13 : 14	14th
Debussy's addition	7th, major	(C to B)	8 : 15	15th
Schoenberg's addition	2nd, minor	(B to C)	15 : 16	16th
Ornstein's addition	chord of minor 2nds	(F \sharp -G-B-C)	11 : 12 : 15 : 16	16th

The mathematical ratio given for the intervals is the simplest that can be given. On the piano, with its "tempered" tuning, the ratios are nearly all extremely complex, being slightly distorted from their overtone position.

The eighth, tenth and twelfth partials do not figure in this series, since they are octaves of the fourth, fifth and sixth partials, respectively. The only departure from the exact mathematical order of partials, it will be noticed, is in the case of Beethoven's use of the thirteenth partial at a time when the eleventh had not been used, the latter being employed by Wagner later. This extraordi-

nary skip is probably due to the fact that the eleventh partial does not occur in the principal scales which Beethoven used; while Wagner, using the chromatic scale, was able to employ the augmented eleventh, which is only to be found in that scale. It is interesting to notice that while the thirteenth is more complex than the eleventh, Wagner's chord is more complicated than that of Beethoven, because, while Beethoven used only the interval of the minor ninth, with a ratio of 6:13, Wagner used the complete chord of the augmented eleventh, with a ratio of 4:6:7:9:11. All these intervals are now commonplaces to musicians, although their mathematical relations are not. The non-musical reader who has access to a piano may easily identify them for himself. It will be noted that the chords representing the simpler ratios are more acceptable to the unaccustomed ear, and that the more complex the ratio, the more dissonant the combination seems to be. The ratio of one to two, represented by the octave, seems identical to many people; and that of two to three, as represented by the fifth, is insipid; but that of fifteen to sixteen, as represented by the minor second (such as C-D flat, or C and the next black note) is at first almost as jarring as a blow, and the listener half consciously waits to hear it resolved into a more consonant interval. But it is undeniable that habituation enables one to perceive, and so find pleasurable, even the most complex of ratios without resolution. What has happened, apparently, has been a gradual increase in the ability to hear the full content of the single tone, to the making of which all the overtones, even when unrecognized, contribute. On this premise it is possible, not only to form a new and more orderly conception of harmony, but to forecast its future.

Dissonance and consonance, as the reader must by this time have concluded, are relative terms with a psychological distinction. Harmonic development may be thought of, to adopt a crude figure, as a rod moving on its axis along a straight line, from the most simple of possible harmonies towards an infinitely complex harmony. Writers on harmony, following the instinctive practice of musicians, have already begun to make rules limiting the use of the simpler consonances, such as the octave, the fifth and even the fourth, on the ground that they are insipid and empty. If this course of procedure continues, the harmony books of the future will limit the use of the third and sixth, since they are the next most consonant. In music, as in philosophy, the heresy of yesterday becomes the dogma of to-day and the forgotten commonplace of to-morrow. At each stage of development, certain harmonies are already falling into disuse and others are just coming into use; but the fact of progress, of the wearing out of old harmonies and the search for new ones, is not to be denied. Our harmony is seemingly destined to become more and more subtle, containing relations more and more remote, calling for, or responding to, a keener perception of the overtones.

An obstacle to such progress is, as has been suggested already, the limitation of our scale. The interval between the fifteenth and sixteenth partials is our half step, of which we have twelve to an octave. The interval between the sixteenth and the seventeenth partial, which is less than a half step, is the interval used in the Arabian scale, there being seventeen tones to an octave, or a little

less than three to one of our whole tones. Stringed instruments and voices can now sound this interval, although the piano and other instruments of fixed pitch can not. It is the natural next interval, which a good musician attempting to sing an interval between two tones of our chromatic (or half-tone) scale can always touch. How far the use of overtones may go is conjectural. It is possible that there is a psychological deadline which will prevent the use of overtones far beyond the limit of our present perceptions.

But before these problems have to be solved, considerable progress along other than the harmonic lines will probably take place. The conception of music as a science as well as an art, standing now upon the threshold of almost limitless expansion, opens up a wide horizon. Certain other possibilities may be reserved for later discussion.

HENRY COWELL AND ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

THE other day I sat at lunch with a friend who told me the following story: "In the heart of the Snowdon country, there is a little ruined castle dear to all Welshmen as the reputed birthplace of their last native prince, Llywelyn; and down below, at the foot of the castle-rock, there is a little cottage, still dearer, the birthplace of their prince of preachers. From that lowly home came four notable brothers, one of whom emigrated to America and was a power in the Welsh settlements. The eldest of them was the Chrysostom of his race. Among the descendants of this Chrysostom are two men, one by no fault of his own, the richest man in the country, the other by his own choice, the poorest. Both men have something of the spacious mind of their ancestor; both men, one by his wealth, the other by his poverty are seeking that same old '*civitas Dei*' of which prophets have spoken and angels have desired to see. During the war, their ways went far apart; the one raised and commanded a regiment, the other went to prison.

"LAST week," my friend continued, "I heard a strange thing. The Welsh people every year hold a great festival which they call the 'Eisteddfod.' For three days, bards, singers, choirs, hold a sort of tournament. The sport is as keen and the 'fan' as judicial as at an American ball game. For each of the three days, a famous person is chosen to preside over the proceedings. This year's choice is piquant. For the first day, that somewhat dented idol, Mr. David Lloyd George, Prime Minister of Britain; for the second, General Foch, Marshal of France; and for the third day, this penniless conscientious objector who spent two years in prison! Yet the news did not greatly astonish me. The man (I will call him A.) is my friend; and I think I understand how this strange choice came to be made. For some time before the war, A.'s mind had been moving towards a point of revolt against the modern cut-throat political and social order; and the coming of war in August, 1914, brought this movement to a head. His soul cried out against the whole system out of which the war had issued, and against the whole business of making war. Out of that crisis, something like a 'vocation' in the literal and true sense of that mishandled word, emerged; for A. is a profoundly religious spirit, '*anima naturaliter Christiana*,' and he reached the discovery—which seems to escape so many 'professional' Christians—that the alpha and omega of the New Testament is the healing of life by love, by forgiveness and reconciliation. But this, of course, is no gospel for war-time. *Inter arma*, as a learned theologian once said to me, we must needs be 'sub-Christian,' and so when the Military Service Acts came along, A. began to get the trouble for which he was involuntarily looking.

"WHILE the genuineness of his conscientious scruple was acknowledged by the Military Tribunals, he was ordered to find 'alternate service' in 'work of national importance.' He found a shepherd's job in the hilly regions of North Wales, but like another, A. had 'sheep which were not of that fold' and other 'work of national importance' to do. He began to go about the country-side in his spare time—speaking to this man and that, preaching in little rural chapels, persuading men to his gospel of forgiveness and reconciliation—with special reference to their enemies the Germans. Plainly this did not 'aid in the prosecution of the war.' So A. was haled once more before the Tribunals; and as he would give no undertaking to desist from his pernicious propaganda, in due time he was court martialled and sent to prison. Some day, perhaps, A. will tell the story of his prison life; and it will be a volume not unworthy to be set by the side of that which came from Bedford Jail—this I make bold to affirm, having heard or read fragments of the tale. In those days when stone walls could not a prison make, his life-work shaped itself clearly and beyond misgiving before his eyes. The pacifists, he saw, had the stick by the wrong end. They were merely trying to suppress the symptoms of the disease. The seat of the evil, said A., lies in men's souls; and it is there that it should be attacked. The stream should be cleansed at its source. For him life was henceforth to be a 'ministry of reconciliation,' a campaign of fellowship, of establishing right relationships between men and groups of men, and simply and unaffectedly and humbly he dedicated himself to this adventure.

"THE last time I saw him was shortly after his release from prison. We met at his little farm-house in a wild North Welsh valley which has become the base of a campaign as singular as that of 'the poor little man of Assisi.' If you had happened into Carnarvon (the fastness of Mr. Lloyd George) on a fair-day not long ago, you might have heard A. delivering his soul to an attentive crowd of farmers and cattle-dealers, and I lately heard of his turning up at Criccieth, Mr. Lloyd George's Welsh home, trying to persuade the Prime Minister that there is no deliverance from the Irish chaos save by a great act of trust. I rather imagine that the tortuous soul of 'the little Welsh wizard' would have been less troubled in the teeth of an angry opposition in the Commons than face to face with this quiet gentleman who brushed aside the exigencies and the finesse of the party-game and spoke of the real business of life in a voice which was still and awful as a day of Judgment.

"BUT for these large and spectacular errands he has less liking than for more intimate ministries among lowly folk. Is there a dissension brewing in some little wayside conventicle? A. takes out his old bicycle, is there at the next prayer-meeting; and the devil is exorcised. Or is there a family feud breaking the peace of some upland farm-house? A. drops in for a meal; and takes the feud away in his pocket. . . . My friend is, I think, doing the great work of the world; and it is a growing realization of this fact that has led the National 'Eisteddfod' committee to choose him, within two years of his release from prison, for equal honour with Mr. Lloyd George and Marshal Foch. Perhaps Wales may yet atone for her Lloyd George by going over to this penniless lover of men and showing the world 'a more excellent way.' It would be simply foolish to suppose that A. is but a dispenser of healing unguent. He is handling an explosive that may yet blow up all our 'systems' sky-high, by restoring to men the simple and spontaneous relations that are to-day perverted by our superstitions of 'law and order.'"

I WAS running my eye over the head-lines the other morning in the company of my cynical friend Junius. "The new Polish Constitution," I read aloud, "makes religion free." "Everything else cash, I suppose," said Junius. "Mr. Harding," I announced, "gives world views to

Cabinet." "And a pleasant time was had by all," said Junius. "Viviani," said I, "has no definite proposals to make in his conversations with Harding." "Simply 'Washington, I am here,' said Junius.

SPEEDING on its way to limbo the Sixty-Sixth Congress rejoiced the casual reader of its *Record* with these fortunate observations on men and things:

REPRESENTATIVE FESS. I have read the [President's inaugural] address and wish to say to my colleagues that it is of a very high order and will take rank with the best utterances delivered on such historic occasions. At this moment of world stress it marks a full comprehension of the pressing problems and stamps its author as a great American.

SENATOR KING. . . in my opinion, the Government of the United States during the next twenty-five years will be compelled to pay from \$20,000,000,000 to \$30,000,000,000 in pensions. . . . We talk about the burdens imposed upon Germany under her military system. Those burdens are light in comparison to the burdens which the American Congress is placing and will continue to place upon the shoulders of the men who toil in this Republic.

SENATOR POMERENE. We have a very able delegation from Ohio in the other House, but they are not omniscient. In that respect they do not differ from other Representatives and other Senators.

SENATOR POINDEXTER. For the first time in the history of the United States we now have an opportunity, as a result of the war, of securing an adequate Navy to protect and defend the interests of the United States throughout the world. That is about the only thing which we got out of the war. We did not even get the Island of Yap.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

A PLAY FOR PURITANS.

It is fitting that Mr. John Drinkwater's next play should be about Oliver Cromwell, for Mr. Drinkwater is the Puritan among our dramatists. James Huneker, to be sure, used to declare that Mr. Shaw is a Puritan, but this is manifestly impossible, Mr. Shaw being an Irishman. There can be no imp of mischief in the Puritan. There is no imp in Mr. Drinkwater. I do not mean by Puritan quite the same thing that Mr. H. L. Mencken means—if I know what Mr. Mencken means. I do not mean, at any rate, a man who, for the good of our souls, tries to keep us from cocktails and Cabell. There was something more to the Puritans than inhibitory impulses, and that something was what made them Puritans, or so it seems to some of us who possess several as ancestors and like to fancy their contribution was more than pestiferously negative. That something was a definite moral outlook on the universe, a constant sense of the imminence of moral issues, an instinct to regard human beings always as potential weapons in the long fight for spiritual fulfillment. It makes little ultimate difference whether one is encased in a Calvinistic dogma or freed from all dogma, beyond the pale, even, of modern Unitarianism; whether one is Jonathan Edwards dangling sinners over hell-fire or William Wordsworth on the banks of the Yarrow; a moral gravity and earnestness, a preoccupation with the spiritual significance of all things viewed in the light of their relation to Man and his ethical destiny, characterizes the Puritan always.

In "Abraham Lincoln" Mr. Drinkwater was preoccupied with those human qualities which make a man a great leader through a moral crisis. Indeed, he appears so little occupied with the more directly æsthetic problems of the drama that he chooses historical subjects and characters for his plays rather to save himself the time and trouble of inventing a fable, of seeking to stimulate the senses which in all of us

respond in the theatre to suspense and climax. The "Lincoln," in printed form, was curiously deceptive. It seemed not only episodic, but flat, thin. But in performance a cool, steady, swelling flame of emotion rose; it was the Puritan fire.

"Mary Stuart," Mr. Drinkwater's new play just produced in New York, seems almost equally thin and flat to the reader, and though it is told in a single long episode, preserving the Greek unities, it seems lacking in forward march, in theatrical propulsion. Again, in performance, a miracle is accomplished. On the stage this play, which is almost a dramatization of Andrew Lang's "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," trying as it does to explain Mary's "wantonness" on psychological grounds, achieves a grave, chiselled beauty, and the dramatic movement that is internal, or like the movement of a rapidly spinning top. Mary, the author says, was a great woman who by the needs of her nature must first love greatly, and be fulfilled in her love, before she could give her mind, her capacities, to other things. Showing her with the few miserable men she had to turn to, showing her turning from one to the other, Riccio, Darnley, Bothwell, heartfully but hopelessly, Mr. Drinkwater shows us but the other side of a moral issue, after all, the drive of what is in us of Godhead for the best and greatest, frustrated, perverted in its quest, and hence the seeker tragically wrecked. The Puritan John Knox, who does not appear in this drama, nor is even heard preaching beneath Mary's window, yet with his keen mind might better have understood her tragedy than do certain of our dramatic critics. Actually, "Mary Stuart" is a play for Puritans, by one of them. You have only to compare it with Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair," drawn from the same source, to feel how vast is the difference between the Puritan and the romanticist, though the two may think they are seeking the same end.

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that because Mr. Drinkwater ignores all that side of the dramatist's craft which interests so much a man like Sardou (to take an extreme example), as being an interference with his real task of expounding to men and women their moral capacities, that he therefore is unskilled in the needs and possibilities of the stage. The ominous threat of the murder of Riccio stalks through this play, and here is illustrated Mr. Galsworthy's dictum that "character is plot." The character of Mary is at the focus of attention, and that "dramatic progression" which Mr. Archer would demand is neither more nor less than the increase from moment to moment, from packed speech to packed speech, of our understanding of that character, our sympathetic interest in her, bred of understanding. If that understanding and that interest are won, what after all does a plot matter? Is the understanding of a woman like Scotland's tragic, girlish queen less vital than the artificial excitement stimulated by an efficient melodrama or by the he-haws waked by a joyous comedian? When shall we have done with the cant of "dramatic criticism," about action, and progression, and suspense? Whether Puritan or pagan, the author who gives us character gives us life.

But, alas! the more vivid the character he gives us, the heavier the demand on the players. "Mary Stuart," not alone by its exhibition of a splendid and complex woman in the clash of conflict with herself and others, but by its language (rather unusual in our modern English drama), which often says so much in so few words, which compacts a world of thought and suggestion in a simple sentence, puts a strain on the actress

who essays the part that might well stagger any player without years of experience behind her—and unfortunately she can not have years of experience behind her because we, the public, will not endure to see such a one attempt to play the part of a young woman. Why will our dramatists keep on writing plays for Ellen Terry, when there is no Ellen Terry acting on our stage to-day?

Miss Clare Eames, with almost no experience behind her, makes a brave attempt at the rôle. On the whole, she does astonishingly well, because her failures are almost all technical ones. She is, in manner and appearance, a slim, golden aristocrat. She understands the character; her wit has edge and bite, there is a ring in her scorn, there is the hunger of a tortured mind in her passion. If that were only all! But where are the sudden contralto notes that stab out of a quick mood, lending rhythm and variety as well as colour? Where are the sudden golden notes that sing for a second of happiness caught at, and are cracked with pathos even as they die away? Where, behind the ringing scorn, is the deep reserve force of a voice unspent at its highest flood, to give us that indescribable sensation of power? Where, in the delivery of a packed sentence, is the ability to make each word as it is uttered send forth its new overtones of suggestion, till the delighted auditor is made aware of a whole drama in the single speech? Where is the constant, not merely fitful, playing with a double edge, so that we are aware at every moment of what the character is feeling as well as saying, and what she is feeling, especially, when not speaking at all? To do nothing at all on the stage, and yet to project the character—that is one of the supreme tests of the great player. Where, in short, are Miss Eames's twenty years of experience, in Shakespeare, Shaw, Pinero, and G. M. Cohan?

It will come in due season, that experience; and meantime let us all pray that Miss Eames will remain what she is to-day, the slim, golden aristocrat to use it, for the glorious stuff that fine actresses are made of is in her, and an odd, haunting loveliness besides, and the mind to put the keenest dramatist on his mettle.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

POETRY.

ROMANCE.

What ship is this, beloved,
Beating with lurid sails against the wind,
Ghastly with points of light, with speed, and gloom,
The green seas breaking in white anger round her,
Her hollow bulwarks dim with spectral men,
Infirm, and old?

See! See! Beneath the pyramided canvas
How fearfully she strains against the gale!

Look on her deck. Two lovers,
Chained to that phantom vessel, stand and smile.
The man is dead. His phosphorescent eyeballs
Gleam in the whistling wind,
And yet he stands erect and smiles upon her,
That woman with white hands, and from his heart
The red blood, drop by drop, for ever falls
Upon the moon-white pallor of her hands.

Men say, a thousand years
The hospitable ocean that takes all,
Cities and ships and lovers, shall not take,
To any port beside the white-fringed sea,
To any of its unremembering waves,
This vessel, or its crew.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

"THE ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE."

SIRS: I am struck by the coincidence between the title of your recent editorial on the French Government which you call "The Enemy of the People," and a phrase used by an eminent French author in a letter which I received from him a few days after the publication of your lines. The writer says:

I should be glad if a little of my thought could be spoken in America, or rather I should say that I wish something of the live thought of France could be spoken there. It is so calumniated. We have a service of propaganda, composed above all of professors, that acts as the veritable *enemy of that thought*. It recommends and makes propaganda for everything that disfigures it through the perpetuation of dead forms.

I am, etc.,

W. P.

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.

SIRS: In the "Woodnotes" (II) of Emerson, may be found the following lines:

And grant to dwellers with the pine
Dominion o'er the palm and vine.

In a poem better known to this generation of readers, Mr. Kipling's "Recessional," Emerson is clearly echoed:

Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.

Only the captious will criticize a poet for borrowing where he also improves. Mr. Kipling, moreover, has blunted the edge of any charge of plagiarism in the lines the first of which runs,

When 'Omer smote 'is blooming lyre.

But since Mr. Kipling is a great poet, greater indeed, than those who justly abhor his imperialistic politics are sometimes willing to admit, it is interesting to observe the sources from which so sound an artist is willing to draw inspiration.

I am, etc.,

Washington, D. C.

ROLAND HUGINS.

MR. WELLS'S OBSESSION.

SIRS: Apropos Professor Carlton Hayes's searching criticism of Mr. H. G. Wells's "Outline of History" which appeared in your issue of 16 March, I think you will be especially interested in the point of view expressed in the following excerpt from a review of the "Outline" published some time ago in the London *Observer* from the pen of Dr. L. P. Jacks.

The idea that the unity of mankind is not to be achieved until all nations have learnt to read their histories as integral parts of a single world-process embracing them all; that the common memories thus engendered are the root and inspiration of the common hope; that the world contains no elect nation and no privileged race; that all hold rights under the same charter; that unity is to be achieved not by the domination of one, but by the free and consenting co-operation of all—these are great and sound ideas, and Mr. Wells has shown that history confirms them. More questionable is the thesis, constantly expounded, that the unity of mankind will be a unity of *government*. Mr. Wells is far too much obsessed, as most of his contemporaries are, with the conception of government as the one outstanding need of mankind. A world-community is one thing; a world-government with rulers, legislators, law courts, and police is another. There are many types of community besides that which assume the political or State form, and the neglect of these other forms as possible models for the unification of mankind is one of the most lamentable oversights, not only of those who argue for the League of Nations, but of the modern mind in general. If there is one lesson that stands out clearly from this very history that Mr. Wells has written, it is that the political form of the community always connotes dangerous relationships, and that all governments—not excepting the Bolshevik—are essentially war-making institutions.

This does not mean that all governments ought to be abolished. But it does mean that they will never lose their war-making character until a higher type of community which is not primarily political comes into existence over their heads. Such a type of community was once foreshadowed in the Church, as Mr. Wells plainly informs us. But it lost the power to regenerate and unify mankind precisely because it became a political institution; just as Mr. Wilson at the Peace Conference—again we are following Mr. Wells—failed to give effect to his own ideals through his entanglements with politics. It is a little surprising that Mr. Wells has not read the lesson which is enforced by every chapter of his history: namely, that the connexion between war and political government is not accidental, but essential. If ever the time should come when war becomes obsolete through the growth of a higher type of community, the effect of this on all national governments will be to transform their characters through and through. They would approximate more and more the type of great business organizations, as, indeed, they are already beginning to do. The conception of the world-State as an extended or world-wide version of the political State with which we are now familiar is, we venture to think, the weakest thing in the book, and seems to indicate the point at which the creative imagination of Mr. Wells, so active and brilliant in other respects, has reached its limit.

I am, etc.,

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

HARRY WILTSHIRE.

ICHABOD.

SIRS: When I set foot on these shores a few months ago, I was astonished by two things. One was that everybody was discussing the League of Nations, the other that everybody detested Mr. Wilson. Now in Europe last autumn we had all pretty well forgotten the League unless it happened that we were of the elect few who were earning our bread and butter by it. But here in these United States I found to my astonishment that the League was a household word, familiar to the lips of babes and sucklings, the topic of platform and pulpit, the theme of a hundred thousand daily speechifications of every description. I proceeded at once to try to find out the reason for this strange state of affairs, and pretty soon I found out this: that people hated the maker of the League rather than the thing he had made. Everyone, it seemed, was out to kill Mr. Wilson and all his works, and behold on 4 November they achieved both their objects in handsome style. But why, I asked myself, why did ninety-nine Americans out of every hundred seek after Mr. Wilson's scalp in that way?

We in Europe had never seen much harm in Mr. Wilson. He had come with a new-world freshness to our old-world staleness and had expounded noble ideals to an ignoble diplomacy too cynical to have faith but too well-bred to refuse a hearing. To the common peoples, he appeared as if clad in the robes of a prophet. Even when he left us after matching his wits unsuccessfully against our modern Machiavellis, we thought none the worse of him for that. It was but a small thing that he should have shown himself a simpleton in our thieves' kitchen of diplomacy. We all agreed that he had meant well and we bade him good-bye with a shower of mild blessings on his head.

But when he returned to his own country he was met with a deluge of curses. He was taken to task for things that we had never questioned—his honesty, sobriety, morality, sanity. The vituperation went on even when he had fallen desperately ill. I was simply bewildered by it, until one day I happened on a man whose judgment on public affairs is as keen as any I have ever known in two hemispheres. I asked him to show me the answer to the riddle of Mr. Wilson's low estate in the hearts of his countrymen. "Wilson," said he, "went to Europe and dined off gold plates with your king in his palace. That was the end of him."

I confess I am a bit puzzled by that reply and I have asked many of my American friends to explain it. But they seem rather shy of doing so, yet they all seem to imply that it hits the nail on the head. I am, etc.,

H. H. J.

THE INDEPENDENTS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

SIRS: In your issue of 9 March Mr. Walter Pach, in his article on the current exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists, sums up the theory of the Society thus: "American democracy—not a bit of it . . . this is anarchy, that complete deliverance from all government, even that of majorities, which is possible in art alone."

Now whatever "American democracy" and "anarchy" may be, it seems to me that from its very inception, the Society of Independents has in action more closely approximated the former than the latter.

In support of my contention may I refer to an incident which marked the opening exhibition of the Society in 1917? Starting the fact that the "no jury" was then, as now, the starting-point of their theory of independence, the majority of the directors, some of whom still hold that position, took it upon themselves to reject a certain exhibit. Their action seemed so indefensible to the minority that some of them felt called upon to resign. The exhibit itself, submitted by Mr. Richard Mutt, as an example of sculpture, was a piece of plumbing such as one may see exposed as a matter of course in plumbers' show-windows. No official reason was ever made public for this strange action on the part of the directors in deliberately repudiating the fundamental basis of the Independent theory. Therefore we have been left to suppose that in true democratic fashion, they suddenly discovered that there were limits to their conception of independence.

I refer secondly to another element in the Independent idea which seems to me to incline more towards "American democracy" than to "anarchy"; namely, the signing of the exhibits and the catalogue of names. Not long before the opening exhibition of the Society in 1917, Mr. Alfred Stieglitz made the suggestion that all names on exhibits or in the catalogue should be omitted, in order to make the exhibition truly independent, impersonal and incidentally a sporting event. He suggested further, that for those who were interested in names, a list should be printed after the exhibition to supplement the catalogue.

The reasons for such a suggestion are fairly obvious, for names have a great power with us in America. The Academy, whether consciously or not consciously, uses that fact to its great advantage. It is of the very essence of its technique to establish by insistent, exclusive methods, the names of certain individuals; to get us to the point where we see at once a "Murphy," a "Hassam," a "Jonas Lie" and accept the name and not the work unquestionably and uncritically. As infants hanging for generations to the skirts of everything European, our preliminary training for such a state of docility has been excellent. We have been led so many times by Baedeker or his equivalent in the flesh, into rooms of red plush and gold and soft lights, where he has tried to teach us how to worship at many shrines. So that, meandering through the Independent labyrinth, catalogue in hand, how many of us can look at things objectively? Even though the works are hung alphabetically without preference of position, is it not likely that when we find Prendergast, Glackens, Henri or Sloan, whom I suppose Mr. Pach would include as "professionals," that the more obscure names in sections P, G, H and S are at some disadvantage? Are they not victims of what may or may not be a deserved prestige?

The merits of Mr. Stieglitz's suggestion, on the other hand, are no less obvious. Primarily such anonymity of procedure would vindicate without question the claim of all exhibitors to a desire for genuine independence, to unqualified disinterestedness, to unacademic methods. Their work would at least have the opportunity of standing absolutely on its own worth. The critics and public alike would be put on their mettle and could look at things without irrelevant distractions. Academicians who assert that the so-called modern artists know nothing and could be easily shown up, would have their opportunity of carrying out the threat. One could go to the Independent once a year and enjoy the privilege of guessing who's who and what's what. Prospective purchasers would be afforded a wholly unique and marvellous opportunity of buying a piece of work because they really liked it without knowing who made it or whether the worker's name had any commercial value whatsoever. In short, a good time could be had by all.

After all is said and done, the Independent exhibitions are by very nature a circus. That is nothing against them for a circus can be diverting and expressive. There can be the fun and pathos of clowns, the artistry of acrobats, much that is daring, and there can even be trained animals. There can be the movement of many diverse things happening at once in a dissonance of colour and direction—vividly. Such a circus the Independent as now constituted, is not. It is a circus played in the tragic manner to slow music. It is neither independent nor anarchic; it is much too dull, too pretentious and half-baked for either. Not until there is really "no jury" and "no names," that is, not until what should have been the initial conception is embodied wholly, has the Independent a chance to do what Mr. Pach claims it is doing: "creating an understanding between the artist and the public . . . revealing to us as it does the individuals who, out of sight for the most of us, are doing things that make America a better place to live in." But these lofty ideals themselves, do they not smack mightily of "American democracy"? I am, etc.,

New York City.

PAUL STRAND.

BOOKS.

A POET OF THE ACTUAL.

You are travelling from New York to Chicago, and the stranger with whom you have been talking leans with restrained excitement towards the car-window, as the train passes a small town, and says: "I lived in that town for three years." It looks like any other town. But you stare at it as if it concealed something amazing, had some secret; and when, after a pause, he begins telling you the story of something odd that happened to him there, a story not very remarkable in itself, nor involving very remarkable people, nevertheless the story, the people, the town, all seem to you very extraordinary: you listen with an intensity of pleasure that is almost painful, you strive desperately to hold in mind the picture of that town with its small brick shops, dingy fences, white wooden church, to penetrate it, to live in it; and when the narrative is finished you have suddenly an overwhelming desire to

tell the stranger a similar narrative, something real, convincing. You have, maybe, no such story at your disposal. You might tell him of something that happened to your friend S., but that, you feel, would not be so satisfactory: the effect of it would not be so powerful. What you desire to say is: "That reminds me of something that occurred when I was living in a small town in Vermont, two years ago . . ." You are silent, and wonder why it is that the stranger's simple tale has so absorbed you.

Its charm, of course, is simply in the fact that it is actual, that it really happened. This charm is intensified by the fact that it is narrated by the protagonist himself, simply and artlessly, and by the fact that you have actually seen the town that served as a setting, two things that combine to make the reality overwhelming. You have been treated to a "slice of life," a "human document." . . . It is in this kind of actuality that we find, perhaps, a key to the work of Anton Chekhov, possibly the greatest writer of the short story who has ever lived. The stories of Chekhov have precisely this quality of natural, seemingly artless, actuality—casual and random in appearance, abrupt, discursive, alternately overcrowded and thin. Chekhov is the stranger who sits in the train beside us, who suddenly exclaims, "You see that town? I know a queer thing that happened there," and he tells us, in a normal, conversational tone, of the real things that happened there to real people. Observe his openings, taken in order from his volume, "The Schoolmistress, and Other Stories."

At half-past eight they drove out of town.

A medical student named Mayer, and a pupil of the Moscow School of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, called Rybinikov, went one evening to see their friend Vassilyev, a law student, and suggested that he go with them to S Street.

The twilight of evening. Big flakes of wet snow are whirling lazily about the street lamps, which have just been lighted.

In the year in which my story begins I had a job at a little station on one of the south-western railways.

Nadya Zelenin had just come back with her mamma from the theatre, where she had seen a performance of 'Yevgeny Onyegin.'

In every instance the pitch is at once plausibly colloquial. "I am not," Chekhov seems to say, "up to any literary tricks, I have no artistic designs upon you—literature bores me, with its exaggerations and floweriness. No, I simply happen to know about this case, and this is how it was." This disarms us—we are now ready to believe literally anything. The primitive desire to listen to a story has been aroused in us, but that is not all: we have been convinced *a priori* by the speaker's very tone of voice, by his calm, and above all by the absence, on his part, of any *desire* to convince, that what he is about to tell us is true. His audience is already half hypnotized with the first sentence.

In this regard, Chekhov is obviously in the tradition of the Goncourts, with their "human documents," and of Gogol: he was a contemporary of Maupassant in more than mere moment. The theory of the "slice of life" was, at that moment, the thing, and Chekhov, with Maupassant, remains as the chief exemplar, in the short story, of that theory. Yet that theory as it worked through Chekhov is not what it was as it worked through Maupassant: a world of difference sunders the two men. Basically, the difference lies in the fact that Maupassant was a logician of the short story, and Chekhov a poet. Maupassant's mere "mechanics" are superb; far better than Chekhov's. There is no waste, his items are well chosen and "clear," he

arranges them with precision and economy and in a sequence logically overwhelming; he makes his case with a miracle of cold dexterity. Grant his hypothesis, his Q. E. D. will punctually flower.

There is little of this in Chekhov. His stories have not this flat, swift trajectory, are not logically "rounded," do not move, as narratives, to an overwhelming provided conclusion, through an unalterable certainty which one has been permitted, or rather compelled, now and again terrifyingly to feel. Many of his stories do not, in this sense, conclude at all—they merely stop. In fact, the conclusion, in itself, did not interest Chekhov. He did not desire to emphasize, as Maupassant emphasized, the "final" event, nor, indeed, any single event; his method was more copious, and his concern was not so much with the possibility that in this copiousness a narrative current should be felt, as with the certainty that through it should be perceived a living being or group of beings, beings through whose rich consciousness, intense and palpable, we are enabled to live, backward and forward, in time, lives as appallingly genuine as our own.

Here we reach naturally the question of psychology, and must observe that while Maupassant's characters obey a logic in this regard, obey it mechanically, like marionettes, and have no life apart from it, Chekhov's characters are complex, indeterminate, diffuse a consciousness wider than the bounds of the particular event in which we see them participating: they come to it from "somewhere" (we know only vaguely where), and depart from it for somewhere else. This is due not merely to the fact that Chekhov is more concerned with the effect of "actuality" than with "story," to the fact that his method involves a more persistent and hypnotic saturation in the consciousness of his chosen *dramatis personæ*, but more profoundly to the fact that, as was said above, he was a poet. His sensibilities were rich and of an immense range, had thrust their roots, one dares to think, almost as widely and deeply into life as Shakespeare's: his understanding was unsurpassed, and if he falls short of the greatest of artists it is not for a lack of that faculty. No artist has known, by introspection, more "states of mind," no artist has known better, by observation, what shapes they assume in talk or behaviour. This, after all, is Chekhov's genius—he was a master of mood. His stories offer not only an extraordinary panorama of scenes, actions, situations, but, more importantly, a range of states of consciousness, which is perhaps unparalleled. It was this pluralism, this awareness of the manysidedness of life, that sent him to the short story rather than to the novel, and made of his longer stories, as he himself says, mere accumulations. These accumulations—"A Dreary Story," "My Life," "The Steppe"—do not disintegrate, as the short stories do not, simply because, like the short stories, they do not depend for unity on the formal working of a theme, but on verisimilitude, on the never-diminishing saturation of consciousness in the life to be "given": their unity is a unity of tone.

If we evade for the moment the question of the precise value, in fiction, of the "actual," and of the extent to which it may be permitted to supplant all other values, and evade, also for the moment, the question of the kind of actuality towards which Chekhov felt a compulsion, it is perhaps profitable to note how interesting are the æsthetic problems raised by the effort to capture, in fiction, that tone. We have already observed that Chekhov instinctively or consciously uses, at the outset of a story and throughout, a colloquial

¹ "The Schoolmistress, and Other Stories." Anton Chekhov. New York: The Macmillan Company.

tone—he is never better than when he tells his story in the first person singular. He wishes, in other words, to keep the pitch of the story down, to diminish what is called “the psychic distance”; his picture is to be frameless and immediate, so close to us that we can touch it. He does not want us to be conscious of his style, nor of any arrangement. He wants us to see his people and scenes just as they are, neither larger nor smaller than life. Every trace of sympathy must therefore be excluded: “When you depict sad or unlucky people try to be colder—it gives their grief, as it were, a background. . . . Yes, you must be cold Every trace of stylization, of heightening, must be expunged. . . . Beauty and expressiveness in Nature are attained only by simplicity, by such simple phrases as ‘The sun set,’ ‘It was dark,’ ‘It began to rain,’ and so on. . . .” In everything we see the avoidance of the phrase, the detail, the attitude, the sense of “frame” or “scheme,” which might mitigate the effect of immediacy. “But of the word ‘art’ I am terrified. . . .” No wonder, by art he meant conscious art, and Chekhov was only intermittently a conscious artist; he knew that he was at his best when, on a theme out of memory—a face, an incident—he gave himself up to rapid improvisation, an improvisation which took the form of a complete surrender to that face, that incident, a submersion of the senses.

This, of course, *was* his art—an art, of its sort, perfect. Yet we come back to question again the extent to which this effect of overwhelming actuality may be permitted to supplant other effects—the effects, for example, of an art more deliberate, more conscious. The two sorts of art (“two” if we take merely the extremes, say, Chekhov and Henry James) are not of course mutually exclusive, there will be room for both; the generation, like the individual, will make its natural choice and rationalize its choice *ex post facto*. Yet if we need not necessarily at the instant choose between them, it is none the less fruitful to observe their distinguishing characteristics, and we can do no better at the outset than to quote Henry James himself, speaking, in his essay on “The New Novel,” of precisely this question of the degree in which mere immersion in the actual may be sufficient.

Yes, yes—but is this all? These are the circumstances of the interest—we see, we see; but where is the interest itself, where and what is its centre, and how are we to measure it in relation to that? . . . That appreciation is . . . a mistake and a priggishness, being reflective and thereby corrosive, is another of the fond dicta which we are here concerned but to brush aside . . . appreciation, attentive and reflective, inquisitive and conclusive, is in this connexion absolutely the golden key to our pleasure.

This is a statement of a theory of art so antithetical to that of Chekhov (in so far as he consciously entertained one), that it is reasonable to suppose that he simply would not have understood it. Here we have an artist who not only selects one from among many themes because it is richest in possibilities of being “worked,” but also positively invites his reader to observe at every moment the “working” of it, to look, as it were, at the back of the clock no less often than at its face, so that he may know not merely what it says but how it says it. This is a pleasure to which Chekhov does not invite us: to make that invitation is, in the same breath, to take a deliberate step away from the “actual.”

Compare Chekhov’s “In the Ravine” with Turgenev’s “A Lear of the Steppes.” The themes have much in common. But whereas Chekhov has richly and beautifully improvised, always in the key of the actual, giving us an immense number of scenes dia-

logues, persons, all of them palpitantly *real* and caught in an exquisite, quiet beauty of tone, Turgenev has gone more deliberately to work: he strikes sharply, even artificially, his “theme” in the opening, giving us thus in advance a glimpse of the whole, and then proceeds to the fine development of this theme through a series of delicate exaggerations—he aims not at the immediate but at the distant, slightly distorted by a trick of atmosphere; not at the actual, but at the larger than the actual. One feels the artificiality certainly; but one enjoys it, and in retrospect it is the Turgenev story that one clearly remembers, not the Chekhov story. Harlov we still see, but we do not even recall the name of Chekhov’s Lear, any more than we see him as a person. He was living as long as we read of him—more so perhaps than Harlov. That whole life, in which Chekhov drowned us, how beautiful, resonant, full of echoes it was, how aromatically it ended! But it is our joy in the tone of it that we recall, and not the things that created that tone.

We come back, therefore, to the point from which we started, to a clear realization that Chekhov was in essence a poet, a poet of the actual, an improviser in the vivid. His compulsions drove him to seek character, perhaps—more precisely to seek mood, state of mind; he profoundly knew the quality, the light, the timbre, the fluctuations of mood, particularly those of a melancholy tinge; and if, in retrospect, we find that his characters have an odd way of evaporating, it is because so often our view of them was never permitted for a moment to be external—we saw them only as infinitely fine and truthful sequences of mood. Chekhov was great because his sensibilities were of sufficient range to enable him to apply this method almost universally. His sympathy, his pity, his tenderness, were inexhaustible. He lived, and thus permitted us to live, everywhere.

CONRAD AIKEN.

HELLENISM RESURGENT.

MR. PHOUTRIDES offers, in the introduction to his translations from the Greek vernacular of Kostas Palamas,¹ certain comments by a writer in the *Revue des Etudes Grecques* of which the following are typical:

The poetic work of Kostas Palamas presents itself to-day with an imposing greatness. . . . The four or five volumes of verse which he has published during the last ten years raise him beyond comparison not only above all the poets of modern Greece but above all the poets of contemporary Europe. . . . The breadth of his views on this world and on humanity, on the history and soul of his race, in short, on all the problems that agitate modern thought, places him in the first rank among those who have the gift to clothe the philosophic idea in the sumptuous mantle of poetry.

Is there any truth in this golden opinion? Having read it one hopes for the best; and confident that no translation can veil a star of such magnitude, one turns to the poems with a keen interest, prepared to enjoy the cosmic insight and imaginative vigour and variety of a New World poet.

What one actually finds in Kostas Palamas and his work is a phenomenon typical of neo-nationalism everywhere among undeveloped, weaker, or oppressed peoples—the Czecho-Slovaks, the Jugoslavs, the Poles, the Finns, the Irish, the Jews. The background of the phenomenon, as one gathers it, also conforms to type: the awakening or strengthening, mostly through the impact of modern thought upon a few individual members of the nationality, of the group-consciousness; the enchannelment of this consciousness in a programme either of political independence or of cultural individuality, or both; the identification of cultural individuality with the linguistic

¹ “Life Immovable.” Kostas Palamas. First part: translated, with an introduction and notes, by Aristides E. Phourides. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

and lettered tradition and discipline; the consequent resurrection of the products of antiquity, and the attempt to intensify the group-consciousness of the rank and file by an insistence on archæological purity; the failure of this attempt against the resistance of the necessities of the daily life; the slow, and then the rapid inter-accommodations of literary tradition with the vernacular, and the emergence out of this of the neo-literature—neo-Hebrew, neo-Greek.

A struggle of this type creates a setting and generates moods peculiar to itself. It makes the literatures in which it occurs literatures of one family, and imparts to those who participate in it a family-look. It turns them into fanatical defenders of the faith that is in them or into sceptics. Its slow and uncertain process depresses them, and their poetry tells either of an acquiescence in their depression or of a violent resistance against it.

M. Palamas is acquiescent. His mood is not unlike that of the disillusioned sentimentalists of the late eighteenth century, or of the disturbed believers of the Victorian era. He is impregnated with the two disciplines of Greek Orthodoxy and classical Hellenism, and his best passages are those in which the common play of the two is represented, as in the concluding lines of the poem called "Our Home":

But still more beautiful and pure than these,
An harmony fit for a chosen few
Fills with its ringing sounds our dwelling-place,
A lightning sent from Sinai and a gleam
From great Olympus, like the mingling sounds
Of David's harp and Pindar's lyre conversing
In the star-spangled darkness of the night.

His attitude towards the Christian part of this interpenetration is mostly one of resentment and resistance. He pictures himself as a sun-lover and sun-worshipper, able to endure life only because of the sun:

Wounded with the mighty love
Of my mistress Life,
I wander on, her loyal herald
And her worshipper.
To thy mystic suppers call
Me not, O Galilean,
Prophet of the misty dream,
Denier of things that are!
Crowned with Lotus, show me not
Nirvana's senseless bliss!
Yet, do thou, O Sun, shine forth
About, within, above;
Shine upon my love and make
A world of the Earth planet!
Shine life-giving with thy light,
O my Sun and God!

Otherwise, if these selections are typical of his work, he is somewhat sentimental, noticeably self-centred, afraid of the great world, yet hopeful of his destiny in it as a poet. The contrast between imagination and reality leads him to the reflection that he is "grass on a clod of earth, scorned even by the passing reaper's scythe"; the vision of the heavens recalls to him the ignorance of his soul; the contemplation of the elements elicits the reflection, that in the end he shall be gathered to them, with nothing of him left but "a breath of wind like a soft lyre's complaint." What he would like is, to get out of it all; no love of nature binds him; he seeks only "a path . . . for a sphere beyond." Life, he complains in "The Ring," holds no joy for him; he is like Alcithœ who was changed from a princess into a night-bat. Thinking is a symptom of insecurity, a struggle which will not end before the world crumbles. Human nature is a complex of perplexities, contracts and conflicts which, he suggests, must pass and be forgotten by the enduring earth in whose shadow it has grown. Even the life-giving sun can not save "either from the claws of love, or from the teeth of death."

In regard to the stylistic qualities of the poems, it is, of course, impossible, with only these translations before one, to speak with confidence. M. Palamas's imagery, where it attracts attention at all, seems forced and lettered rather than spontaneous. Sonnets are "red-plumed birds" that softly shake their feathers, swiftly sing of worlds and souls and lightning-like mingle their tears and smiles." Time is a spider who glides on claws; an ivory

skeleton is "mantled by a fleshy cover made of fiery air"; Jesus is confused with Buddha; metaphors are mixed and figures mangled and complicated so that too often no clear ideas or articulated emotions are conveyed. In sum, on the evidence presented, the New World poet turns out to be, at least in his English rendering, a person not thoughtful, but pensive, not deep-feeling, but sentimental, not cosmic, but personal and egocentric. His works have prettiness, not beauty; their mood is one of depression, and their vision restricted. Whatever they may be for Hellenism resurgent, they are not likely to be much of anything for the rest of the world.

H. M. KALLEN.

LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.

It has been observed that towards the end of his life, the late Mr. Roosevelt began to bear a marked corporeal resemblance to Mr. Pickwick as represented in Phiz's cartoons. The more one's mind plays with the parallel the deeper become the resemblances between the two characters. Mr. Pickwick's interest in natural science, commemorated in his notable paper on "The Theory of Tittlebats, with Some Observations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds"; Mr. Pickwick's energetic travels and his redoubtable leadership in outdoor sports; and above all, the unfailing platitudinousness of Mr. Pickwick's opinions as a patriot, a leader, and a gentleman, characterize his American counterpart with remarkable accuracy. Mr. Roosevelt's published letters to his children prove that there was a strain of rollicking kindliness in him, and if the present comparison appears to ridicule that apotheosizing of the Roman emperor to which Security Leaguers and American Legionaries are addicted, it has the merit, one submits, of giving the ex-President credit for some of the private amiability and uprightness that Mr. Pickwick possessed.

The most recent account of "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time" throws the political side of his life uppermost; and it must be confessed, when all is examined and accounted for, that in his statesmanship the stamp of the naïvely middle-class opinion only accentuates the Pickwickian parallel. In this ample correspondence, public and private, which Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop has strung together in a loose narrative, we have a series of sketchy self-portraits which reveal the face that Mr. Roosevelt himself saw in his mirror. There is no need to look in these pages for any fresh light on recent history, beyond perhaps what is disclosed in the notes and letters that deal with the Russo-Japanese peace preliminaries or the secret history of the Algeiras convention. Nor is it necessary to dwell upon the retrospective humour of our hero's relations with ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. The chief fun of the present volumes lies in examining the principles—the bare, uncriticized axioms—upon which Mr. Roosevelt's administrative and diplomatic triumphs were based.

Somewhere in the parlour of Mr. Roosevelt's mind there was, one feels, a moral sampler embroidered with the poet's words: "Act, act in the living present, heart within and God o'erhead." This belief in abundant activity, always tintured with moral motives that masked the sensory-motor delight in activity for its own sake, was the mainspring of his career. He never doubted the wisdom of Longfellow's exhortation, because, to tell the truth, it did not become the man of action to doubt: his judgments were always weighed in the gross, and if the scales teetered he would, for the sake of registering an immediate reaction, pound his fist into one side or the other and come to a swift decision. This crude love for action explains both Mr. Roosevelt's achievements and his limitations: he preferred the small, visible result to the more distantly and intangibly profitable. That is why, for example, he did not hesitate to intervene in the dispute between the coal-operators and the miners in 1904, while at the same time he rejected with open repugnance the idea of taking the coal-fields out of the hands of the

¹ "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time: Shown in His Own Letters." Joseph Bucklin Bishop. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

private monopolist. It is the defect of a character like Mr. Roosevelt's that, while it is equal to meeting emergencies, it is never imaginative enough to forestall them: it does not build its bridges until it is ready to cross them.

Not merely action, but action in the present, was Mr. Roosevelt's chief desideratum. He took the day's duties for granted, performed them earnestly and energetically, and never committed the heresy of doubting whether, upon any more penetrating view of contemporary institutions, they might be worth performing at all. Given a country drifting into a war with Spain, Mr. Roosevelt hastened to prepare its navy to force the issue; given an anti-trust act framed to curb corporated consolidation, he put that act into execution, in spite of the anguished noises that arose from his friends and supporters; given a system of patronage, whose vulture wings had scarcely been more than clipped by Civil Service reforms, he did his best to reconcile jobbery with efficiency. "In practical life," as he said in one of his animated letters to Sir George Otto Trevelyan, "one has to work with the instruments at hand."

Mr. Roosevelt was a statesman, and his main concern, although doubtless he would have expressed it in more popular lingo, was to preserve the State. Men of smaller responsibilities and bolder imagination, like Tolstoy or Gorky, were beneath his contempt, for they were always nagging him with the passionate assurance that the State was not worth preserving—and what would ever become of a statesman if that sort of conviction got a firm hold on him? Mr. Roosevelt accepted inevitably the see-saw of opposing forces in contemporary society, and he felt that the place of the statesman was on the middle of the board, to preserve the balance. On a casual glance, this attitude might look like one of fine impartiality, and so it seems to have figured in Mr. Roosevelt's mind: but it is impossible to conceal the fact that it was overwhelmingly partial to the *status quo*. In the business of preserving an equilibrium between capital and labour, for example, he always saw to it that the middle class or the Public—call it what you will—remained decisively on top. The preservation of "national integrity," which bulked so large in Mr. Roosevelt's policies, was nothing less than the preservation of all our middle-class institutions—home, school, church, army, navy, and all the rest of the institutional apparatus that goes along with these things. In a world that was moving gradually towards the obliteration of the traditional three-class system, Mr. Roosevelt asserted the claims of the Philistines over the barbarians and the populace. Philistine common-sensibility—one can scarcely call it a philosophy—achieved in him its most radiant expression.

Like Ulysses Grant, Mr. Roosevelt was a witness to the height to which abundant energy can raise thoroughly commonplace talents and dispositions. Mr. Roosevelt himself realized that almost anyone of equal conviction and courage could have rivalled his accomplishments as an executive, and to take the man at his own estimate is to do him no injustice. It is, indeed, time to call a halt upon the half-witted attempt to put Mr. Roosevelt in a niche alongside Lincoln. About Lincoln there is something humane which lifts him out of the class "American," something which makes him as dear to an Englishman or a Russian as to one of his own place and tongue. The energy, buoyancy, *naïveté* and uncritical self-righteousness of Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, are a compendium of primarily American characteristics. To deify Roosevelt is to hallow American middle-class mediocrity. Our adulation of his memory is the merest sentimentalism, for it is a worship of ourselves.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE American field needs ploughing up by the pen of a satirist. Its topsoil of complacency has been undisturbed for so long that a few fairly deep furrows, even though they should not be particularly straight, could not help quickening the growth of something beside the weeds of political normalcy and the rank blue grasses of social myopia. No matter how inviting

the prospect, however, the opportunity can not be seized save by a writer with a sure grasp of his tools; no haphazard spading will suffice, and haphazard spading is all that Mr. Charles Hemstreet has attempted in "The Don Quixote of America." Whatever satirical motive, whatever seed of an idea, Mr. Hemstreet may have started with, he has not succeeded in making it sprout. The adventures of his hero are meaningless, in so far as the author has sought to illuminate them, and they are unimaginative and flat in themselves. Impelled by an apparent desire to spin his material to the length of a book, the writer falls into the most obvious and prolix style of which he is capable. L. B.

CRITICS have at various times attacked the commercialism of the contemporary magazine, and raised the cry that literary merit has become merely incidental to financial utility. Whether or not this contention is valid, we may find in "The Best Short Stories of 1920," Mr. Edward J. O'Brien's latest anthology of magazine-stories, renewed and convincing evidence that our shorter magazine-fiction includes much that is art as well as literary merchandise. Of the twenty stories selected as the winners for 1920, several are artistic products of a high order. It is Mr. O'Brien's announced purpose to find "the writer with a message," and in that attempt he has not been unsuccessful; watery sentimentality and flaring melodrama are almost entirely absent from his collection, and for the most part the stories have some appealing relation to actual life. "The Other Woman," by Mr. Sherwood Anderson, is a novel if not an entirely convincing study in abnormal psychology; "The Stick-in-the-Muds," by Mr. Rupert Hughes, deserves special mention as a sympathetically told tale of suppressed genius; "Sheener," by Mr. Ben Ames Williams, is an effective portrayal of the character of a newsboy; and "Butterflies," by Miss Rose Sidney, is notable not only for its graphic realism but for its dramatic unity and intensity. S. A. C.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

JOAQUIN MILLER's handwriting is—or used to be, in the days when there were those to care about it—a byword among autograph-collectors. When I was at school one of my friends wrote to the poet asking for his signature. I well remember the response. A long envelope came back; it was a great event; eagerly my friend opened it; I happened to be with him. Joaquin Miller had sent not one signature but twenty; he had stuffed this envelope with all manner of documentary relics. There were scraps of verse that he had written, there were portraits of himself, each more romantic than the last, clipped from newspapers, there were "sentiments" scrawled on bits of paper and signed with Indian hieroglyphics. A bountiful harvest for one stilted boyish note to have reaped! What did it matter to us that, turn it all about as we might, we could not decipher one word of the extravagant script the poet had showered on us?

WE were naturally grateful to the kindly poet; we were also properly impressed. It was just as barbaric, this handwriting, as it ought to have been. Not until years later did I discover that there was a certain motive in its illegibility. I then learned from another poet who had had commercial dealings with the old prophet of The Heights that in epistolary discussions of the problem of real estate Joaquin Miller's handwriting became, and consistently remained, very legible indeed. But what literary man is without his vanity? If the democratic American bard forgoes the privilege of shocking the bourgeois, who is to judge him harshly for wishing to impress schoolboys? One is only amused to note that for ways that are dark—or dusky, let us say—the Christian Pioneer is quite as peculiar as the Heathen Chinee. These apostles of the simple life, in short, these lovers of nature and scorners of civilization, its duplicity, its complexity, how far from simple they often are themselves!

CERTAINLY Joaquin Miller was far from simple. If the evidence of his autograph is not sufficient, glance at his

¹ "The Don Quixote of America." Charles Hemstreet. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

² "The Best Short Stories of 1920." Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

photograph. The long white beard, the high boots, that aspect of the *muzhik* philosopher, are plainly reminiscent of Tolstoy; but the boots are patent-leather boots, such as Buffalo Bill might have worn at a Presidential reception, and there is something that suggests the gentleman-gambler of the old mining-camps in the carefully curled moustache that adorns the prophet's beard. As one studies this theatrical apparition one becomes more and more fascinated; the word "pose" of which people used to be so lavish entirely fails to quiet one's curiosity. If the face is the portrait of the soul, then there was never a more singular revelation than this of conflicting attitudes, of incompatible desires. This man, we say to ourselves, has fed on the dream and image of Tolstoy: there we have the Joaquin Miller of "The Building of the City Beautiful," the communist of The Heights. But the moustache says, "No; do not take this communism too seriously; I want to keep on good terms with a society in which the land-agent is the leading citizen." And the patent-leather boots chime in: "I've been a cowboy, I've been a desperado, I'm the wild, free, Golden West. Fifty cents admission." If you are under fifteen, the photograph impresses you as much as the autograph. If you are over twenty-five, you feel, first the absurdity, and then the pathos of it.

For what a fiasco that career was! I can not profess ever to have greatly admired the "Songs of the Sierras"; they are too coarse, too gaudy, they have too rank a smell. Flamboyant weeds! Besides, they are too evidently derivative. In essence Joaquin Miller's Sierras are merely a literary reflection of Byron's Alps; the rhythms are Byron's too, when they are not Scott's; and where would this Western poet's brigands and filibusters have been if Byron had not conceived his Giaours and his Corsairs! These flowers of Byron are gaudy enough, sunflowers at best, if not actual interlopers in the garden of poetry; in Joaquin Miller the same seeds grew up outside the garden altogether. But whoever denied the presence in that work of a certain exuberant force, a richness of temperament, that energy (however unmodulated and uncontrolled), in short, of which Arnold said that poetry is mainly an affair? It was the want of art, of the disciplined feeling which lies behind art, that left this work not poetry but journalism; but the energy was there, the germ was there, and what became of that? Glance once more at our poet's photograph. A part of the secret, perhaps, is to be divined in this face and figure.

WHAT you see written as it were all over it, is the word environment. Here is a professional Californian; here is also something else, something very like a mountebank. But if you know how the pioneers regarded the poet as a type, how instinctively they despised him as a drone and a mollicoddle, you can easily understand these two aspects of Joaquin Miller. He was obliged to make amends for being a poet by showing that the poet had a certain pragmatic value in the pioneer scheme of things. There you have the professional Californian. And what is the natural impulse of a man who feels his rôle despised but to play that rôle melodramatically—in protest? There you have the mountebank. Between these two activities (for they were nothing less) what energy was there left for the poet to invest in his own personal development? What had been a spontaneous expression of himself became, when he returned to California from his triumphs in London, a factitious glorification of pioneering in the abstract. No one who has read his "49," for example, needs to be told to what depths of artistic infamy he was willing to descend in order to keep the name of a local patriot. No one who remembers the assiduous dithyrambs in prose and verse, on the subject of Californian scenery, which he pumped out of himself for a generation, will mistake the note of the press-agent or doubt for a moment that Joaquin Miller was an "asset" to the State of his adoption. There was the pragmatic value of the poet in the pioneer scheme of things! Our

Byron of the Sierras was compelled to prove it, to illustrate it, as the price of survival. He was so much the pioneer himself, indeed, so unconscious of himself as an individual, that he probably never felt it as a violation of his own freedom. Yet this alone was enough to kill the poet in him.

AND that other activity? That hardest of hard work, that posing, as people call it, which is, in reality, the counterbalancing of one's feeling of inferiority by extravagant assertions of oneself? Everyone remembers the story of his debut in London, the story of that dinner in the midst of which he drew from his pocket five cigars and, thrusting them all into his mouth at once, exclaimed, with a great burst of smoke and fire, "That's the way we do it in the States!" It is the courage of despair that leads a human being to behave in that fashion: Joaquin Miller the man felt himself at too great a disadvantage in such distinguished company. Joaquin Miller the poet, because he was a poet, felt himself at the same disadvantage in his own little pioneer world. Was it not because of this that he, Cincinnatus Hiner, like the savage who eats his enemy's heart in order to absorb his enemy's virtue, took the name of Joaquin Murietta the bandit, knowing, or rather feeling, that a bandit's name commands respect? And with what a halo of adventurous prowess he surrounds his boyhood in that fabulous autobiography of his which contains, one is told, scarcely three syllables of truth! Without this history and this mystery and the legend of all these exploits (there are always some who believe whatever they see in print), what would a rhymster's life and fame have been worth among all those rowdy seekers of gold? In the light of this, one can understand our poet's theatricality and those unceasing efforts of his to cover himself with the lustre of romance—the photographs, and the autographs, and the Indian hieroglyphics.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"The Cambridge History of American Literature," edited by W. P. Trent, J. Erskine, S. P. Sherman and C. Van Doren. Vols. III and IV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Stairway," by Alice A. Chown. Boston: The Cornhill Company.

"Vision and Design," by Roger Fry. New York: Brentano's.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE FREEMAN, published weekly at New York N. Y., for April 1, 1921.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
COUNTY OF NEW YORK,

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared B. W. Huebsch, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the FREEMAN, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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